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THE

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Edited by T. S. GREGORY

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus qui coelestia
simul et terrena moderaris: supplicationes
populi tui clementer exaudi; et pacem tuam
nostris concede temporibus. Per Dominum.

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MORE'S SUPPLICATION OF SOULS

ST. THOMAS MORE'S *Supplication of Souls* gives us a deep insight into the quality and range of his religious faith, particularly in respect of the doctrine of Purgatory, one indeed which for long centuries has received all too little attention from our fellow-countrymen—what happens, in fact, to souls which at the moment of death are neither good enough to go immediately to heaven nor bad enough to go to hell. And yet this Catholic doctrine of Purgatory is just spiritual common sense.

The *Supplication of Souls* was published in 1529, the year after his great *Dialogue against Tyndale* and before he became Lord Chancellor, that too of the first assembly of the Reformation Parliament which in seven years was to effect such perilous changes in English religious thought and practice. It was written in reply to a scurrilous pamphlet called the *Supplication for the Beggars* by one Simon Fish, a lawyer of Gray's Inn, a friend of Tyndale's, and like him, an exile beyond the seas. It was sent to Anne Boleyn and passed from her hands into those of Henry VIII. It advocated, and indeed recommended to the King himself, nothing less than the wholesale confiscation of Church property and endowments, and that, as the writer pretended, for the benefit of the poor.

From what we are told by Foxe, the Protestant "martyrologist", it is clear that the King, in order to annoy the Pope, with whom he was at great differences about his marriage to Queen Catherine of Aragon, was playing a double game; on the one hand secretly encouraging the enemies of the faith, and on the other approving all that More himself was doing to check their inroads upon it. More, too, knowing "the temper of the time and how much mischief could be done to true religion by pure scurrility and gross exaggeration and lying",* drew up a reply to Simon Fish's pamphlet in a similar but much longer form, written supposedly by holy souls in protest against Fish's denial of purgatory; and an urgent plea for continued prayers on their behalf.

To all good Christian people. In most piteous wise, continually calling upon their devout charity and most tender pity for help and comfort and relief, and now your humble and unacquainted and half-forgotten sup-

* Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation*, vol. I, p. 522.

pliants, poor prisoners of God, silly souls in purgatory, here abiding and enduring the grievous pains and hot cleansing fire that fretteth and burneth out the rusty and filthy spots of sin, till the mercy of Almighty God, the rather by your good charitable means, vouchsafe to deliver us hence.*

Speaking then in their own persons, the holy souls say that it was not their custom to disturb the sleep of their good friends on earth, "but now of late there are sprung up certain seditious persons, which not only labour to destroy the clergy by whom they are much helped, but also to set forth such a pestilent opinion against themselves that people will cease to pray for them altogether, because they be taught that there is no purgatory at all. And the very worst of these is that dispiteous and despiteful person which of late under the pretext of piety made and put forth the *Supplication for the Beggars*."

Though the book touches them closely, the holy souls are more concerned about those still on earth, lest by means of it they lose their belief in purgatory and many go straight to hell. The author of the book, who because he is unknown escapes earthly punishment, is yet not unknown to them; for they have several acquaintance of his already in purgatory, and his performances have been reported there with exultation by his and their ghostly enemy the devil.†

"Who could ever have thought that any Christian man could for very piety have found it in his heart to seek and study the means whereby a Christian man should think it labour lost to pray for all Christian souls. But alack the while, we found soon after that the falsehood and malice of the man proved the devil true."‡

Then layeth this beggars' proctor [as More repeatedly calls Simon Fish] the cause of all these poor beggars, both their increase in number and then default in finding, all this he layeth to the one only fault of the clergy, naming them in his bederoll, mighty sturdy beggars that they are, bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners and summoners, idle holy thieves every one of them, who have begged so importunately that they have got into their hands the third part of the realm of England, besides tithes, privy tithes, probates of testaments and offerings, with Mass pence and mortuaries, blessing and cursing, citing, suspending and assoiling.

Then cometh he particularly to friars, to whom he maketh, as he thinketh, a plain open reckoning that they receive by begging throughout the realm yearly £43,333, 6. 8 sterling.

Then cometh he at the last unto the device of some remedy for the poor beggars. Wherein he would in no wise have none hospitals made, because he saith that therein the profit goeth to the priests. What remedy then for the poor beggars? He deviseth and desireth nothing to be given them,

* More, *English Works*, p. 289 D.

† Ibid.

‡ *E.W.*, p. 290 D.

nor none other alms or help requireth for them, but only that the king's highness would first take from the whole clergy all their whole living, and then set them abroad in the world to get wives, and to get their living with the labour of their hands and in the sweat of their faces . . . and finally to tie them to the carts to be whipped about every market town till they fall to labour.*

More, for his part, denies Fish's contention that the number of beggars has of late so sore increased and that private charity has lessened towards them. As to that sum of £43,333 6s. 8d. said to have been collected quarterly by the friars from every household in the land, the calculation is quite unreliable; for instead of 52,000 parish churches, as he asserts, there are, in fact, only about 10,000 in the whole country.

Fish accuses the clergy of inciting the people to disloyalty, sedition and even rebellion. More thinks this accusation absurd; for in such a rebellion the clergy themselves would be the first to fall into peril.

The case of Richard Hunne is brought up, but More's final judgement on the matter is clear enough. "Hunne was accused of heresy, and whilst in the bishop's prison, awaiting trial, was found hanged. Had he added the crime of suicide to the crime of heresy? or had the clergy added the crime of murder to that of false witness? More was certain it was a case of suicide."† Professor Chambers adds that "it is noteworthy that so loyal a Londoner as More should represent the inviolability of the clergy as a sound principle, prescribed by the law of reason which governed Utopia. We must never forget that in Utopia the despotic supremacy of the State is balanced by the inviolability of the priesthood, entirely exempt from state control."

As we read on it becomes evident that Simon Fish was much more anxious to "down" the clergy than to help the beggars. "He sheweth himself that he nothing else intendeth but openly to destroy the clergy first, and after that, covertly, as many as have aught above the state of beggars."‡ "What remedy findeth this proctor for them? He will allow them no hospital. . . . They must not be given money, nay not a groat; for the priests would get hold of that. What other thing then? Nothing in the world will serve but this . . . that everything should be taken from the clergy. . . . Is not this a goodly mischief for a remedy? Is not this a royal feast to leave the beggars meatless, and then send more beggars to dinner with them?"§

"Why then is Simon Fish so bitter against the clergy? "It is easy to see," says More, "whereof springeth all his displeasure:

* Ibid., 290-291 *passim*.

‡ E.W., p. 300 B.

† R. W. Chambers, *Thomas More*, p. 134.

§ Ibid., p. 301 H.

He is angry and fretteth at the spiritual jurisdiction for the punishment of heretics and burning of their erroneous books; for ever upon that strunge he harpeth, very angry with the burning of Tyndale's testament. For these matters he calleth them blood suppers, drunken in the blood of holy saints and martyrs. Ye marvel peradventure which holy saints and martyrs he meaneth, surely. . . . He meaneth their holy schismatics and heretics."

More's merriment is hardly restrained here but he passes from gay to grave and from grave to gay again very easily. Fish, forsooth, is in great fear that because the clergy marry not the whole realm will fall into weakness and decay. But, replies More, would it not be a scandal that a married clergy should say Mass, dispense the other sacraments and preach from the pulpit? And therefore here "would his own high words have good place against Simon Fish himself. For this mischievous device of his is indeed 'a great, broad, bottomless ocean sea full of evils wherein would not fail grievous shipwreck of the commonwealth, which God would soon forsake, if the people once forsook His faith and condemned His holy sacraments, as this beggars' proctor laboureth to bring about.*"

Fish keeps referring to some secret matter of which he does not care to speak openly. What is it? It is nothing less than this, that the Church still teacheth and preacheth "the whole corps and body of the blessed faith of Christ, and the administering of the blessed sacraments of our Saviour Christ. For the teaching and preaching of all which things the beggars' proctor, with other beggars who lack grace, and neither beg nor look for none, bear all this malice to the Church of Christ."†

There are only two ways, writes More, for these people to choose in their contest against the Church, "either plainly to write against the faith and the sacraments or else to labour against the Church alone, and get the clergy destroyed; whereupon they perceive well that the faith and sacraments will not fail to decay."‡

They have tried the first way already, "sending forth Tyndale's translation of the new testament in such wise handled as it should be a fountain and well-spring of all their noble heresies. For he had corrupted and purposely changed in many places the text with such words as he might make it seem to the unlearned people that the scripture affirmed their heresies itself."

"Then came forth after Tyndale's wicked book *Mammona*, and after that his more wicked book of *Obedience*. In which books afore specified they go forth plainly against the faith and holy

* *E.W.*, p. 307 C.

† *Ibid.*, p. 310 C.

‡ *E.W.*, p. 310 D.

MORE'S SUPPLICATION OF SOULS

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sacraments . . . and most specially against the sacrament of the altar.”*

Seeing that way did not prosper, they tried a second way, that is by forbearing to write openly and directly against all the faith and the sacraments and making one book specially against the Church, attributing false crimes to the clergy, and so have them destroyed.

To close the matter, when the Church and the sacraments have been set at nought then will come the time to set forth the gospel of Luther and the testament of Tyndale.

Simon Fish's contention that at the beginning of the Church there were no clergy is just nonsense. “Every man knoweth that the Christian clergy and the Christian faith came into the Christian people together.”†

And then after a recital of the evils that would follow taking the advice of this devil's proctor, the first book is brought to a close.

In the second and concluding book the holy souls set forth in simple language their argument for the existence of purgatory, and bring all to an end with a moving appeal for the prayers of their friends on earth.

Suppose, say they, there had never been any revelation about purgatory, we should only have to consider the immortality of the soul and the righteousness and goodness of God in order to see that it must needs exist. For since God of His righteousness will not leave sin unpunished, nor will He, in the case of repentant sinners, punish them in hell for ever, there must be some way, even after they have been pardoned, of exacting from them the just penalty of their sinfulness, either in this life, or if they die before the penalty is fully paid, in the life after death.

But if, as the heretics do, in magnifying God's high goodness, we should say that not only is all a man's sin forgiven but also the pain and penalty thereof as well, we should be magnifying God's goodness at the expense of His justice, and give men great occasion and freedom to sin boldly without fear,‡ nothing more being necessary than “to cry Him mercy, as one woman would that treadeth on another's train—this way, as we said, would give the world . . . courage not only to fall boldly to sin and wretchedness, but also careless to continue therein.”§

Holy Church, on the contrary, teaches, “that beside the general relief of Christ's whole passion extended unto every man, not after the value thereof, but after the stint and rate appointed by God's wisdom, great and long pain abideth them here (in

* Ibid., p. 310 E.

† Cf. Luther's saying, *Pecca fortiter, sed crede firmius.*

† Ibid., p. 312 D.

§ E.W., p. 316 B.

purgatory), whereof their willingly taken penance in the world, and affliction there put upon them by God, and there patiently borne and suffered, with other good deeds there in their life done by them, and finally the merits and prayers of other good folks for them may minish and abridge the pain which else will hold them here with us in fire and torments intolerable, only God knoweth how long—this thing we say, as it is true indeed, so if the world well and firmly for a sure truth believe it, cannot fail to be to many folk a good bridle and sharp bit to refrain them from sin.”*

The holy souls here speak with detestation of Luther’s new-fashioned doctrine that while he denies the existence of purgatory, affirms that departed souls unto doomsday do nothing but sleep.

And now comes into question the scriptural authority for the Catholic doctrine of purgatory.

The heretics reject the book of Maccabees from their canon of holy scripture on the plea that it was not included in the Jewish canon; but More meets them out of the mouths of the holy souls who say: “If you admit, on the one hand, a book of scripture admitted by the Jews, and deny, on the other hand, a book admitted by the Church, you evidently say ‘that the Spirit of God was more effectually present and assistant unto the synagogue of the Jews in the law of His prophet Moses than unto the Church of His own begotten Son in the law of Christ’s gospel’”; and concludes the argument with these words: “For if these heretics deny for holy scripture any book that the Church of Christ accounteth for holy scripture, then deny they one of the great foundations of the Christian faith.”†

In this connection, too, St. Augustine’s great saying may once more be quoted: “For my part, I should not believe the gospel except as moved by the authority of the Catholic Church.”‡

It is only to be expected that a disbeliever in purgatory would wish there were no book of Maccabees and that if there were it should be excluded from the canon of scripture approved by the Catholic Church. For there we find the doctrine asserted in unequivocal terms. And not only there but in many other places both in the old testament and the new we find it supported and evidently referred too, if not indeed in such an unmistakable way.

And there is one more argument used by the holy souls very much like, and of course anticipating, Pascal’s famous wager.

“Now suppose that purgatory,” say they, “could in no wise be proved, and that some would say plainly there were one, and

* E.W., p. 316 B.

† E.W., p. 319 A.
‡ *Against the Epistle of the Manichees called Fundamental*, translation.

some would say plainly, nay. Let us see whether sort of these twain might take most harm if their part were wrong. He that believed there were purgatory, and that his prayer and good works wrought for his friends' souls might relieve them therein, could not lose the reward of his good will, although his opinion were untrue. . . . But, on the other hand, he that believeth there is none, and therefore prayeth for none, if his opinion be false, and that there be purgatory indeed, as indeed there is, he loseth much good, and getteth him also much harm. . . . Wherefore it well and plainly appeareth . . . that it is the far surer way to believe in such wise as both parties agree to be out of all peril, than that way which so far the greater part, and much farther the better part, affirm to be undoubted deadly sin,** namely to disbelieve in purgatory itself.

Finally, to leave all matter of contention, let us come to More's own personal expression of devotion put into the last supplication of the holy souls themselves. "Consider you," they say to their friends still on earth, "consider you our pains and pity them in your hearts, and help us with your prayers, pilgrimages, and other almsdeeds, and in all thing in special procure us the suffrages and blessed oblation of the holy Mass, whereof no man living so well can tell the fruit as we that here feel it (in purgatory). The comfort that we have here except our continual hope in our Lord God, cometh at season from our Lady, with such glorious saints as either ourselves with our own devotion while we lived, or ye, with yours for us, since our decease and departing, have made intercessors for us. . . . And therefore, if God accept the prayer after His own favour borne towards him that prayeth, and the affection he prayeth with, our prayers must needs be profitable; for we stand sure of His grace. And our prayer (for you) is so fervent that you can nowhere find any such affection upon earth."

And therefore, since we be so sore pained and have in our great necessity so great need of your help . . . let never any slothful oblivion raze out your remembrance, or any greedy mind upon your own good withdraw your gracious alms from us. Think how soon ye shall come hither to us, think what great grief and rebuke would then your unkindness be to you, what comfort, on the contrary part, when all we shall thank you, what help ye shall have here of your good sent hither. . . . Now, dear friends, remember how nature and Christendom bindeth you to remember us. If any point of your old favour, any piece of your old love, any kindness of kindred, any care of acquaintance, any favour of old friendship, any spark of charity, any

* E.W., p. 319 G.

tender point of pity . . . be left in your breasts, let never the malice of a few fond fellows . . . borne towards priesthood, religion, and your Christian faith, raze out of your hearts the care of your kindred, all force of old friends, and all remembrance of Christian souls. Remember our thirst while ye sit and drink, our hunger while ye be feasting, our restless watch while ye be sleeping, our sore and grievous pain while ye be in pleasure and sporting: so God keep you hence, or not long here, and bring you shortly to that bliss to which our Lord's love help you to bring us, and we shall set hand to help you hither to us."*

W. E. CAMPBELL.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND MODERN EUROPE

*Q*UI autem civium rationem dicunt habendam, externorum negant, *ii* dirimunt communem humani generis societatem; *qua* sublata beneficentia, liberalitas, bonitas, iustitia funditus tollitur; *quae* qui tollunt, etiam adversus deos immortales impii iudicandi sunt. *ab iis enim constitutam inter homines societatem evertunt, cuius societatis artissimum vinculum est magis arbitrari esse contra naturam hominem homini detrahere sui commodi causa quam omnia incommoda subire vel externa vel corporis vel etiam ipsius animi, quae videntur iustitia; haec enim una virtus omnium est domina et regina virtutum* (CICERO, *De officiis* iii, 28).

("Those who say that we should pay regard to our fellow-countrymen, but need not consider others, violate the universal brotherhood of mankind: when that has perished, kindness, generosity, goodness, and justice are utterly destroyed; and those who destroy these things must be accounted criminals in the sight of God. For they overthrow the brotherhood of man which God Himself has established. Of this brotherhood there is no stronger bond than the conviction that it is more contrary to nature to rob one's fellow-man out of self-interest than to suffer any conceivable loss, whether of property or person or even of one's very soul, so long as such losses do not involve violation of justice. For justice is the one supreme mistress and queen of all other virtues".)

Quam nunc iuvat provincias omnes in fidem nostram dicionemque

* E.W., p. 358 F to the end.

venisse, postquam contigit princeps, qui terrarum fecunditatem nunc buc, nunc illuc, ut tempus et necessitas posceret, transferret referretque, qui diremptam mari gentem ut partem aliquam populi plebisque Romanae aleret et tueretur . . . hic alternis commeatibus orientem occidentemque conectit, ut, quae ferunt quaeque expetunt, omnes gentes discant invicem, capiant quanto libertati discordi servientibus sit utilius unum esse cui serviant. quippe discretis quidem bonis omnium sua cuiusque ad singulos mala, sociatis autem atque permixtis singulorum mala ad neminem, ad omnes omnium bona pertinent (PLINY, Paneg. Traiani 32).

("To enjoy the protection of the Roman Empire is a blessing indeed for all the provinces, especially under the rule of our present Emperor. For he has organized a system whereby the wealth of the world can be distributed to any quarter of the globe, as occasion or need may dictate. The most distant tribe, dwelling across the sea, he regards as part of the people of Rome, with the right, as such, to his fostering and protecting care. . . . He knits East and West together by an interchange of goods, so that all peoples may know the assets and deficiencies of each and understand how much better it is to serve a single ruler than to be the slaves of discord masquerading as freedom. For where each people selfishly keeps to itself its own goods, each bears the burden of its own disasters. But where all share and share alike, no one suffers from private misfortunes, while everyone's good fortune is enjoyed by all".)

The concept of the brotherhood of all men as children of a Common Father was first enunciated in the pagan world by Alexander the Great.* Alexander's idea was essentially a practical one. This brotherhood, this cosmopolis, was not yet realized: it had to be formed; and it was the ruler's business to be the reconciler of the world, to harmonize mankind, and to promote *homonoia* (concord) and *eirene* (peace). As we know, Alexander himself failed to implement his ideal. But after his death teachers and writers of the Stoic school worked out his concept to its logical, theoretic conclusions, declaring that ideally the unity of the world already existed, since the universe is, not potentially, but actually, a harmony, reflecting God, its Author, Who is *homonoia* Himself. During the last two centuries B.C. these ideas were penetrating the Roman West. It was, of course, under Stoic inspiration that Cicero exposed and inveighed against Roman republican selfishness, ruthlessness, and provincial misrule,† expounded his theories of *ius gentium*‡ and of universal law,§ and formulated a philosophic justification of empire as a

* W. W. Tarn, *Alexander the Great and the Unity of Mankind* (1933).

† E.g. *Pro lege Manilia* 22; *De republica* iii, 16.

‡ E.g. *De republica* i, 2.

§ E.g. *ibid.*, iii, 33.

*patrocinium orbis terrae,** a stewardship or protectorate of the world, based on the mercy and consideration for others which justice decrees,† and endowed with a mission to champion the rights of mankind.‡ And when Augustus' victory at Actium made possible the final synthesis of Greece and Rome, of East and West, of City-State and World-State; when the oecumenical idea of Alexander was turned for the first time into a historical and organic reality, the Stoic concept of *homonoia*, transplanted to Rome in Latin guise as *communis humani generis societas*, at last bore practical fruit. With the foundation of the Principate Rome effected, in the transformation of her attitude towards her provinces, and towards her imperial responsibilities generally, one of the greatest "changes of heart" in history. Imperial Rome knew nothing of a *Herrenvolk*, of a Roman master-race superior in breed to the rest of the world. Pliny's picture of the Roman Empire as a brotherhood of peoples, "all members one of another" and "having all things in common", represents the complete fulfilment, in the second century of our era, of the Ciceronian ideal. This ideal is, in substance, the Christian ideal for post-war Europe. Rome's problem, the combining of peace with freedom, of unity with diversity, of international with local patriotism, is our problem today. It is well worth our while to consider the measure of her success and failure under the most oecumenically-minded of all her rulers, the Emperor Hadrian.

When Hadrian succeeded to the Empire in 117 the Augustan Peace had endured for almost 150 years, interrupted on three occasions only by large-scale offensive campaigns. Claudius' conquest of Britain, an achievement once projected by Augustus' and long deferred, might, indeed, be regarded as a "rounding off" of Caesar's conquest of Gaul and essential to peace; while Trajan's annexations of Dacia and of Armenia, Mesopotamia, and Arabia were motivated far less by "expansionist" schemes than by the need for securing the peace and safety of Rome's Danubian and eastern provinces. It was the "aggressive" Trajan who finally rejected the idea of advancing the German frontier of the Empire from the Rhine to the Elbe. Hadrian's own policy was, very consciously and deliberately, one, not of acquisition and conquest, but of consolidation, a "stocktaking", as it were, of the resources of the Roman world. His pacific attitude of mind is well attested by the literary sources;§ while archaeological

* *De officiis* ii, 27.

† *De republica* iii, 24: "iustitia autem praecipit parcere omnibus, consulere generi hominum".

‡ *Ibid.*, iii, 35: "noster autem populus sociis defendendis terrarum iam omnium potitus est".

§ E.g. [Aurelius Victor], *Epitome de Caesaribus* xiv, 10; Eutropius, *Brev.*, viii, 7; SHA, *Hadr.*, 5, i, 21, 8; Fronto, Loeb edit., II, 206; Pausanias i, 5, 5.

the discoveries, notably in Britain, bear abundant witness to his efforts to delimit the Empire, once and for all, by scientific frontiers, to draw a clear line of demarcation between *Romani* and *barbari*, provincials and outsiders.* He wisely abandoned Trajan's conquests in Armenia and Mesopotamia as tending to render the Empire "lopsided" in its eastern extension, while retaining Dacia for security reasons and for the sake of the numerous Roman colonists whom his predecessor had settled there.† But the clearest proof of Hadrian's peace-policy, of his zeal for the prosperity and welfare of all the peoples under his care, is to be found in his famous journeys, or provincial tours, which occupied a large proportion of his reign.

For these imperial journeys there exists a mass of literary, epigraphic, and monumental evidence. But their most striking memorial and the most outstanding proof of their real significance is afforded by Hadrian's great "province" coin series, the reverse types of which show allegorical figures personifying the Empire, or *Orbis Terrarum* herself, and twenty-five countries and cities of the Roman world. The *Orbis Terrarum* type, showing the Emperor as *restitutor* ("restorer") of the world, was issued as a "programme" piece between 119 and 121, before the journeys themselves were begun. The rest were struck in one single issue at some time between 135 and 138, after Hadrian's final return to Rome, as a retrospective record of his life's work. This pageant of the Roman Empire includes the figures of *Achaia*, *Aegyptos* (and *Nilus*), *Africa*, *Alexandria*, *Arabia*, *Asia*, *Bithynia*, *Britannia*, *Cappadocia*, *Cilicia*, *Dacia*, *Gallia*, *Germania*, *Hispania*, *Italia* (with *Tiberis*), *Iudea*, *Libya*, *Macedonia*, *Mauretania*, *Moesia*, *Nicomedia*, *Noricum*, *Phrygia*, *Sicilia*, and *Thracia*.‡ Each figure holds appropriate attributes, denoting the contribution made by each locality from its resources, material, spiritual, or intellectual, to the common imperial culture: they reveal a clear appreciation on the part of the imperial government of what Rome herself owed to each of her Empire's individual constituents. Where the Emperor himself is shown, either as raising up the kneeling figure of a province or city ("restorer" type) or as greeting, and joining in sacrifice with, a standing figure ("arrival" type), he appears, not as conqueror, armed and in military dress, but in civil attire, in toga or travelling dress, journeying, in the service of his people as their fellow-citizen, to help and encourage them, through a supra-national Empire in

* Cf. SHA, *Hadr.*, 11, 2: "Britanniam petit, in qua multa cōrrexit murumque per octoginta milia passuum primus duxit, qui barbaros Romanosque divideret".

† Eutropius, *Brev.*, viii, 6.

‡ Mattingly and Sydenham, *The Roman Imperial Coinage II*, pp. 374-8, 445-6,
463-7.

which, in a sense, "neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free" are excluded from his paternal providence. In these coin types stands revealed the great secret of imperial Rome's success—the preservation of local and racial differences within the framework of a world-community. Absorption into the Roman Empire involved no less of regional individuality, culture, and tradition. Unless they could be proved to be politically or socially dangerous, local religious cults were never suppressed: and while knowledge of Latin was encouraged for international convenience, it never ousted Greek in the Greek-speaking provinces; nor have we evidence that the use of native tongues and dialects was ever forbidden. Graeco-Roman culture was, indeed, eagerly and spontaneously adopted by Celts in the West and by Orientals in the East; it was not directly or forcibly imposed.

A second set of Hadrianic coin types, those with *exercitus* reverse types, presents a series of scenes in which the Emperor addresses soldiers stationed in particular provinces.* They also refer to Hadrian's journeys, are contemporary with the "province" coins, and carry out the same idea of the common service rendered to the Empire by its members. These local armies, while distinguished by local names, are still units of the imperial defence-force organized for the common object of protecting the Empire's boundaries.

Hadrian's cosmopolitanism, his rejection of uniformity, his insistence on diversity in unity and on the co-existence of local with imperial patriotism, were founded, of course, on two intrinsic principles of Roman imperialism. From the earliest days of the Principate Rome had developed a system of almost complete free trade throughout the Empire's extent; nor was Italy, as the "home-country", given special economic privileges, with "protection" for her exports and industries—a fact which Hadrian acknowledged by including *Italia* types, similar to those of the other countries and cities, in his "province" coin series. More fundamental still was the brilliant political device which Rome had first hit upon in the early days of her incorporation of Italy—the system of dual citizenship, whereby a man could both be a citizen of his own home-city, participating in all its local activities, privileges, and interests, and at the same time enjoy the status, dignity, hope, and security implied in citizenship of Rome; and the extension of Roman citizenship to an ever-widening range of persons is a well-known feature of imperial rule. Such were the ingredients of the *libertas Augusta*, the imperial liberty guaranteed to her peoples by Hadrian's Rome—

* *Ibid.*, pp. 458-62.

not political liberty as we understand it today, but a liberty more important and essential. For the ordinary man the essence of liberty is just this right to be diverse, not to be interfered with in his daily life and local traditions, to be secure in his home and possessions, to be unburdened with anxiety about his daily bread. An early coin type of Hadrian shows the Emperor distributing poor-relief (*alimenta*) to the children of Italy, while the legend reads *libertas restituta* ("liberty restored")—that is, freedom from fear of poverty and insecurity and personal independence of thought and action in a man's own sphere.*

To return to Hadrian's "province" coin series, it has been noted† that these types do not by any means always represent provinces in the technical or administrative sense. The basis of these personifications is primarily ethnological, that is to say, they represent *gentes* or *nationes*, racial or cultural units, countries, rather than official *provinciae*. For instance, one single figure personifies *Dacia*, *Gallia*, *Hispania*, *Mauretania*, and *Moesia*, although two or more administrative provinces were covered by each of these names. Again, to such personifications as *Libya* and *Pbrygia* no names of actual provinces correspond. These facts are of great significance, as revealing the essential sanity and intuitive good sense of imperial Rome. Her government was, in fact, fully aware that the nation is a natural form of society, based on physical and cultural homogeneity, and, as such, of far higher validity than any artificial or merely administrative unit such as a province or state. Recognition of this made it possible for several national groups to exist happily within a single official *provincia*, just as all national groups could exist happily within the single political unit of the World-State. Rome could arouse in so many diverse peoples a strong sense of imperial loyalty and patriotism because the local loyalties which she encouraged and guaranteed within the framework of her Empire were natural ones.

Here, then, is imperial Rome's lesson for twentieth-century Europe, a lesson also taught, on a small scale, by modern Switzerland, that not every national group need be politically a sovereign state; that several national groups, each with its own religion, language, and customs, can co-operate to form a single political entity or state; that the state, which is so often an artificial unit, must respect and safeguard the racial and cultural unit, and the national minority, as being natural and hence prior, and, in a sense, superior, to itself; and that when such

* Ibid., p. 411, no. 568.

† P. L. Strack, *Untersuchungen zur römischen Reichsprägung des zweiten Jahrhunderts*, II, ch. 13.

respect is assured and the central government provided by the state is good, both national aspirations and the state's own need of co-operation from the national groups can be completely satisfied. To a national group in the Roman Empire it was, practically speaking, immaterial to which province it technically belonged. That, ideally, should be the condition of affairs in Europe today for national groups dwelling in the long-disputed border lands. With the integrity of their religious, linguistic, and cultural traditions secured, why should it matter to which units or states such groups were, in the interests of general European convenience, attached? If in the Empire imperial sentiment and loyalty, based on a common imperial culture, overrode provincial frontiers, why in modern Europe should not European sentiment and loyalty, based on our common European culture, override state frontiers? Since the fall of the Roman Empire the history of mediaeval and modern Europe has been the history of interminable wars for the adjustment and readjustment of state boundaries. What other remedy for this exists than to return to the principles of imperial Rome, to re-create a great political and economic framework, a great European unity, capable of stimulating European patriotism, in which all state and economic barriers are swept away, while within it all national, racial, and cultural groups, however small, enjoy the greatest possible measure of local autonomy, complete freedom of religion, institutions, and language, and the full right of maintaining and cherishing their own customs and social traditions? Meanwhile military issues and the larger economic and financial questions should be entrusted to an inter-state, international, federal, central government, also acknowledged as the ultimate guardian of a code of law guaranteeing all national and individual rights, a government comparable to, but less paternal and totalitarian, more elastic, representative, and democratic, than the admirable imperial government of Rome.

Admirable indeed, yet not perfect. For the unification of Europe, imperative as it is, presents a problem far easier, needless to say, to state than to solve. Even Hadrian did not evolve the complete solution; and Rome is as instructive in her failure as in her success. The external causes which contributed to her decline and fall do not concern us here.* But two defects in her system, a fatal tendency to over-centralization and bureaucracy, on the one hand, and state-absolutism or totalitarianism, on the other, merit our particular attention, since their recrudescence (a danger noné too remote today) would wreck

* See N. H. Baynes, *The Decline of the Roman Power in the West. Some Modern Explanations* (J.R.S., 1943).

the prospects of *homonoia* and *eirene* in the post-war world.

The vigorous city life of the Empire during the first and second centuries A.D. had its source in the healthy local patriotism and enthusiasm of amateurs, of the well-to-do and cultured local aristocracies from which the municipal magistrates and town-councillors were recruited. But the amateur is notoriously less efficient than the professional. Sooner or later some municipalities, both Italian and provincial, found themselves in difficulties and appealed to Rome for help in unravelling their financial and other tangles. The more beneficent the Emperor, the more frequent were these appeals; and it was, by a curious paradox, Trajan and Hadrian, the founders of the "golden" era of the second century, who sowed the seeds of that state-control and state-compulsion which were to prove the curse of later days. Trajan instituted *curatores reipublicae* to supervise affairs in certain Italian and western municipalities and extraordinary imperial commissioners to regulate conditions in some of the free cities of the East—Messius Maximus, for example, appointed to Achaia in 108* and the Younger Pliny appointed to Bithynia in 111. These experts, trained in the administrative departments of the capital, inevitably tended to sap the vitality and crush the keenness and initiative of the local magistrates and councillors, who felt that they were being watched to ensure that they fulfilled their responsibilities and to keep them generally "up to the mark". Pliny is our earliest evidence for *inviti decuriones* ("reluctant town-councillors").† Trajan's example was followed by Hadrian, both in Italian cities and in Achaia, Syria, Asia, and Bithynia.‡ Naturally our attention is caught by the abnormal cases in which the municipal system was unsuccessful. On the whole it worked extremely well. But the Roman Government, instead of leaving well alone, interfered with the cities, in the interests of efficiency and prosperity, on an ever-increasing scale. It did not learn the wisdom of tolerating a certain measure of incompetence and inefficiency, as the price to be paid for elasticity, free enterprise, and willing service.

With all its efficiency, benevolence, and high ideals, the Roman Empire was, in the last resort, a totalitarian state. It recognized no moral and spiritual authority outside and transcending itself. It was a closed world. It could not comprehend or tolerate the higher allegiance acknowledged by Jews and Christians nor the ascendancy accepted by them of supernatural over secular values. The Jewish war of 132-5, the one blemish

* Pliny, *Epp.*, viii, 24.

† *Ibid.*, x, 113.

‡ Dessau, *Inscriptions Latinae Selectae* 1067, 8826; Philostratus, *Vitas Sopb.*, II, i, 4.

in the fair picture of the *Pax Hadriana*, was occasioned proximately by a well-intentioned, but disastrous, act of imperial blindness. "At Jerusalem," writes Dio Cassius of the year 130,* "Hadrian founded a city in place of the one that had been razed to the ground, and he called it Aelia Capitolina. And, where the Temple of God had been, he erected another temple to Zeus. For this reason a war was kindled, and that no small one nor short-lived." The Empire was essentially turned in upon itself, even at the time when it most commands our admiration and respect. It failed to draw on that source of supernatural vigour and spiritual dynamism through which it could have routed the material forces of disruption and decay. Rome accepted Christianity too late to salvage and revivify the political, social, and intellectual structure of her organized world.

Nor was Hadrian himself without critics and opponents of his oecumenical measures and schemes. There was still a small group of senatorial reactionaries to be reckoned with, who clung obstinately to the old republican ideas of Italian superiority over provincials and of war and conquest, rather than peace and conciliation, as the *fatum*, or mission, of Rome. Nearly a century earlier, in A.D. 48, such men had tried to thwart the far-sighted and liberal-minded Claudius when he acceded to the request, urged by leading Aedui, that the aristocracies of the Gallic communities should be officially recognized as a regular recruiting-ground for Roman senators and magistrates.† The pages of Tacitus teem with regrets for the old expansionist policy and for war as a field for *virtus*. So, too, senatorial circles of Hadrian's day disapproved of the time and interest devoted by the Emperor to the provinces, of his refusal to treat Italy as a privileged and chosen land, and of his determination that all should share in Rome on equal terms. Hence their unwillingness to consecrate him after his death.‡ Similarly today oecumenical and European ideas will be resisted by those who uphold absolute and uncompromising state-sovereignty and the doctrine of race-superiority, whether Germanic, Latin, or Anglo-Saxon.

Let us end, however, not on a negative, but on a positive note. A Roman governor of the province of Asia tells us that in settling quarrels over land-allotments among the citizens of Aezae Hadrian "fused justice with human-kindness" (*μεῖξες τῷ φιλανθρώπῳ τὸ δίκαιον*).§ Τὸ δίκαιον tempered by φιλανθρωπία, *iustitia* by *humanitas*—that is the final message of Rome and of Hadrian to the peace-makers of our own time.

J. M. C. TOYNBEE.

* 69, 12, 1. † Tacitus, *Ann.*, xi, 23-5; Sandys, *Latin Epigraphy*, 276-80.

‡ SHA, *Hadr.*, 27, 2. § *Inscriptiones Graecae ad res Romanas pertinentes* iv, 571.

IN CUJUS MANU SUNT OMNIUM POTESTATES ET OMNIUM JURA REGNORUM

CARDINAL NEWMAN once made the puzzling statement that it is "difficult to say whether the Roman Empire is gone or not". He added the remark "much might be said in various ways to show that it might be considered still existing though in a mutilated and decayed state".

What does this mean? If an eminent scholar and thinker such as Newman could doubt whether the Empire were still somehow alive there must be something in this ancient institution more than the dusty exhibit of a mediaeval collection, as it is generally counted in our days. What is it in the Empire which could be still alive to speak to us in our progressive age?

There is hardly another period in European history which appears so strange and unintelligible to the modern mind as the early Middle Ages when the Holy Roman Empire experienced its blossoming time. It is to a great extent the complete lack of understanding of the spiritual and intellectual background of mediaeval civilization which makes the institutions of this age so confusing and incomprehensible to modern man. Rightly F. Muckermann suggests that "the darkness of the 'dark age' was due less to the fact that there were no stars in the sky, than to the fact that our age lost the power to see them".* Another misunderstanding of the Middle Ages in general and the Holy Roman Empire in particular is caused by German historians, especially those of the nineteenth century. Emerging nationalism, early Romanticism and German Idealism induced them to seek for a bridge to link the early Middle Ages and the mediaeval Empire with the "German" Reich which they desired. They laid the foundations of the false Empire accomplished in the period of late Romanticism in the seventies and eighties of the last century. In that time of the new Bismarck-Hohenzollern Reich, German historiography, literature and arts delighted in reflecting into the past their nationalistic sentiments and thereby completely misunderstood or misrepresented the mediaeval Empire. It was transformed into a national pan-German State and the Roman Emperors into German Emperors. This misinterpretation was accepted even by writers of other countries, though in fact the first German Emperor was doubtless Wilhelm I of Hohenzollern in 1871 and no Emperor in history before him was ever called German Emperor. A shining example

* F. Muckermann, *Der Mensch im Zeitalter der Technik.* (Luzern 1943.)

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of this mode of transforming the mediaeval Empire is provided by Richard Wagner when he in his *Lohengrin* made his King Heinrich speak: "For German soil the German sword may prove the power of the Reich." If we consider that in Heinrich's days a collective noun hardly existed* for the various tribes (let alone any "German soil"), it becomes clear that these words are not less anachronistic and opposed to the real meaning of the Empire as if Wagner had represented his Lohengrin in the uniform of a Wilhelminian guard's lieutenant with moustache and monocle. At the same time the addition "of German nation" to the title of the Holy Roman Empire became familiar and permanently used. This phrase is first to be found at the end of the Middle Ages. The word "nation" did not betoken any ethnical or racial community but was, as throughout the whole of mediaeval literature, used as an expression of Canon law and university policy. It signified in this connection that part of the Holy Roman Empire which was to be represented by separate delegates at a general Church Council as distinct from other parts of the Empire which had their delegates. In the days of awakening German nationalism, the phrase "of German nation" was exhumed and used in an entirely different sense. This *genitivus partitivus* changed into a *genitivus possessivus* and the Holy Roman Empire herewith into a German Empire by permanently using this misleading addition, although it cannot be found on any document, or in any official title, or on any coin or signet.

If we wish to fathom the original idea of the mediaeval Empire we have first of all and above all to clear our view of any modern nationalistic conception which would colour the mediaeval Empire in a national sense and would indeed be opposed to all mediaeval thought. It is not before the fourteenth century that nationalistic accents and conceptions slowly became visible as political principles. This, at a time when the idea of the mediaeval Empire was already waning. The conditions, institutions and the way of thinking in the Middle Ages are so completely integrated that it is impossible to select one element and to view it isolated from the whole complex. To look at the Holy Roman Empire as an isolated phenomenon is like listening to the violoncello part of a Beethoven quartet performed as a solo; it must remain meaningless and incomprehensible. We can find an approach to its real meaning only in a synopsis by seeing it as an intrinsic part of the wholeness of mediaeval life and thought.

* The first document known which contains a common name for the Teutonic tribes is dated 961 and it is not before the twelfth century that the name was used geographically and applied to a country.

If we are sometimes told that the Middle Ages were the "Age of Faith", this should not be taken to mean that belief in Christian teaching was then stronger or less affected by doubt and scepticism. The difference was of kind, not of degree. Religion played an entirely different part in mediaeval life from what it does in modern times. Christianity was not an "ideal" somewhere high up in the heaven remote from this earth; nor was it a mere ethical standard or collection of moral rules, nor an occasional, emotional devotion at Sunday services; least of all was it the private, personal affair of the individual. If the general outlook of the age is called theocentric, this should not be understood as a theoretic or abstract doctrine, but as a very realistic and practical method of living. There was no gap between the earthly material world and the supernatural world. Social, economic and political life were interwoven and intermingled with religious life and merged into one complex whole. The Middle Ages are often characterized as "static and unpolitical" compared with our "dynamic and political" age. This is perfectly true in the sense that problems in the social, political or economic fields could not be recognized as such. Any idea of amelioration of the world, of social reform or of evolution and legislation to these ends was alien from the Middle Ages. Looking at early mediaeval law, we must above all do away with our modern conception of sovereignty and positive law. Mediaeval law is not something made by men with an utilitarian purpose, but rather something existing which man may find; it exists independently of the authority of any ruler or government and all kings, princes, rulers and governments as well as all individuals owe obedience to it! John of Salisbury expressed this clearly when he said "the law extends over all things—and is the ruler and guide of material things as well as of human beings—subjecting all men to its obedience because all law is, as it were, a discovery and gift of god".* Law thus is simply the expression of justice; it is something Divine, absolute, objective and binding upon all men. Our modern conception of sovereignty, as the source of national law, and placed above the law, would have been as alien and incomprehensible to the mediaeval man as the modern conception of "positive law".†

This political thought together with the simple agricultural economic system and the stable social order partly explain why we regard the Middle Ages as static and unpolitical; the social estate of the individual was bound up in his personality and the order of the estates (as markedly distinct from the "classes" of

* *John of Salisbury, Polycraticus*, IV, 2, transl. Dickinson.

† Cf. R. W. Carlyle. *A History of Mediaeval Political Thought*. Vol. III.

modern times, which are realized as disintegrating society) was not merely passively accepted or suffered, but was affirmed as the necessary articulation and as the integrating principle of human society. Labour was undertaken to satisfy the needs of life and not for saving or profit, for which the simple economic system had no use or opportunity; men worked in order to live and did not live in order to work.

All these factors contributed to a static equilibrium of life in an Augustinian "*tranquillitas ordinis*",* a tranquillity of an order which was conceived as given and established for ever. The feudal system with its hierarchical order built firmly upon the soil was adequate for this way of economic life and in accordance with the agricultural rhythm of life.

The feudal order on earth simply merged into the theocentric order of the Universe, and since there was no hiatus between the supernatural world and the earthly, God was seen as the overlord of the hierarchical order on earth with Pope and Emperor as his vassals and tenants and consequently every authority on earth, both ecclesiastical and secular, from the Emperor to the kings and princes down to the counts and squires was seen as derived from the feudal bond with God. This vision is shown not only in many mediaeval works of art, but also clearly expressed in writings and testimonies of the time, such as the "*Sachsenspiegel*" the ancient Saxon law book: "*Tvei swert lit God in ertrike to bescermene de Kristenheit. Deme Pavese is gesat dat geistlike, deme Kaiser dat wertlike*" (God lent two swords to this earth in order to protect Christendom; to the Pope is given the spiritual, to the Emperor the secular sword).

The mediaeval way of thinking (formed and trained under the influence of Neo-Platonism, of St. Augustine, Anselm of Canterbury, John of Salisbury, and many others in early Scholasticism) is so entirely alien from present-day modes of thought that it appears hardly comprehensible to the nominalistically trained mind of post-Renaissance, and still more post-Cartesian, generations. Thinkers in the Middle Ages went through life spellbound with their eyes lifted up to the heavens and ignoring things beneath their feet; this seems to us, whose attention is wholly absorbed by the things at our feet, strange and absurd. We have lost the sight of what our ancestors clearly saw high up in the heavens; it was the Augustinian "*parium dispariumque rerum sua cuique loca tribuens dispositio*",† that disposition of equal and unequal things attributing its proper rank and place to each of them. This universal harmonic order comprised heavens and earth, the entire cosmos. It culminated in the threefold

* *St. Augustine De Civitate Dei*, xix, 13.

† *Augustine, loc. cit.*

God, surrounded by the hierarchy of heavenly hosts, as seen in the Apocalypse, and the Saints in their hierarchic order; it embraced mankind and the whole creation, the orders of animate and inanimate nature, the lower serving the higher and all serving God in great harmony.

Within this order mankind had its clear and firmly established position. Man, created in God's image, endowed with an immortal soul and enlightened by the Divine spark of reason, constituted the link between the realm of pure spirit and the earthly material world. By virtue of his spirit and soul, Man reaches into the realm of pure spirit, while with his material, mortal body he belongs to the material world, of which he is the master, to whom it was said: "fill it and subdue it". Earth has to serve man and man has to serve God. This Man, as the "idea" of the Creator, is not an individual, belonging to this or that racial or national category; "there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female"*, as St. Paul said; this Man is the *Homo* in the ultimate and deepest sense of the *Ecce Homo!* from whom every human being, every individual, derives his human quality, his human essence and existence. Within this order the existence of the individual is based upon and derived from the universal idea of mankind, which is the real abiding substance. This universal conception of human unity (as opposed to the marrowless, naturalistic Humanism of later times) is the fundamental principle and the cornerstone of mediaeval conceptions of world-order and world peace and of the rule of one supreme law, rooted in the theocentric order of the Universe.

The corresponding concrete expression of it is the universal visible Church and the universal, visible Empire, the two suns in Dante's vision when he said: "*Soleva Roma, che il buon mondo feo, due soli aver, che l'una a l'altra strada facean vedere, e del mondo e di Deo.*" (Rome, that made the good world, was wont to have two suns, which made plain to sight the one road and the other; that of the world and that of God).† Mediaeval mind was wont to look at the world and the creation as the reflected image of the essence of the Creator and the human order on earth was to mirror the Divine order of the Universe in a true "*analogia entis*".‡ This vision of the theocentric hierarchical order ruling over heaven and earth could not but produce an analogous earthly hierarchical human order which could not possibly end in various national sovereignties, or in a multitude

* Galat., iii, 28.

† Purgatorio, XVI, 106.

‡ The philosophy of *Analogia Entis* was formulated and limited at the Fourth Lateran Council in 1223. Cf. Przywara *Analogia Entis*, 1932.

of sovereign princes and kings, but necessarily had to culminate in one peak, the world monarchy, corresponding to the unique world Church of Christ, embracing mankind. "Such a Church," says Lord Bryce, "could be in no wise local or limited. To acquiesce in the establishment of national churches would have appeared to those men, as it must always appear when scrutinized, contradictory to the nature of a religious body, opposed to the genius of Christianity."*

In this great edifice embracing the whole mankind there was no room left for our modern ideas of self-sufficient, national sovereignties; mediaeval thought viewed mankind as a whole and all-embracing. In the order of nature this unity was perfect. It was in the order of grace that there existed distinctions between men, dependent upon whether they were united by baptism in the Faith and belonged to the Mystic Body of Christ or whether they were *still* outside Christendom. The terms and categories in which mediaeval thought moved were therefore neither racial nor national, nor linguistic, but exclusively: Christendom, Heathendom, Jewry. The conversion and incorporation of the two latter and the establishment of the perfect order of peace, of the City of God, was the goal and mission of mankind; the necessity for a peaceful ordered communal life raised no doubts in the Middle Ages but was, indeed, an underlying pre-supposition of mediaeval thought. Nor did the way to realize it appear to be a problem, as it is today. Universal peace and world order were represented by the Church and the Empire, both emerging at the same historical moment, when the Good News of "Peace on Earth to men of good will" was proclaimed in Bethlehem and at this very moment the "*Pax Romana*" promulgated in Rome. The final realization and perfection of the Empire was regarded as the necessary and sufficient condition for world order and world peace. One of the most ancient testimonies to the true meaning of the Holy Roman Empire is to be found in the Liturgy of the Church. The Church on Good Friday offers two prayers for the Emperor and the Empire, whose wording is to be traced back to the eighth century: "*Oremus et pro Christianissimo nostro Imperatore ut Deus et Dominus noster subditas illi faciat omnes barbaras nationes at perpetuam nostram pacem.* (Let us pray for our most Christian Emperor that our God and Lord may subdue to him all heathen nations for our lasting peace.) *Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, in cuius manu sunt omnium potestates et omnium jura regnum: respice at Romanum benignus imperium ut gentes quae in sua feritate confidunt potentiae Tuae dextera comrimantur.* (Almighty eternal God in whose hands lie all powers and rights of kingdoms, graciously

* James Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, p. 39.

look upon the Roman Empire that the races which trust in their ferocity may be subdued by the power of Thy hand.)^{*} Reading these *orationes* one is reminded of Virgil's famous verses:

"Hae tibi sint artes pacis imponere morem,
parcere subjectis and debellare superbos." †

These sentences reveal an interesting relationship. They both underline peace and order as the final meaning of the Empire, whose only foe is the same—the "superbi", as Virgil calls them; or, as the Church expresses it, the "*gentea quae confidunt in sua feritate*"; that is to say the peace-breaker, the outsider, who despises the law and trusts only in his brute force, although it may happen that he disguises himself as the successor of the Empire by calling his nationalistic State the "Third Reich".

The world monarchy was never looked upon as a State in the Middle Ages; nor was the Empire constitutionally organized as a political body, as was the ancient Roman Empire; nor did it claim any "sovereignty" or any definite territorial space to exercise such rights; and least of all did it show any national features. As it lived in the minds of the peoples it was a theocratic union without limit of space or time,‡ the only form of ordered social life willed and given by God; universal, all-embracing and lasting until the end of this world. As far as it is possible to apply modern terms to mediaeval institutions, one might perhaps best compare the Empire with an attempt to establish a supernational (not international) League of Nations under the sign of the Cross, a universal Christian society of nations. No problem could arise from sovereign rights, which did not exist, because all men and all governments were subject to the absolute law. Its defender and guardian, the "international police force", so to speak, was the Emperor, who did himself not belong to any nation, because he was "Roman", and was not "sovereign", because he was himself subject to the supreme law. It is dangerously misleading, indeed, to look upon the Empire merely as a political body and to judge its historical significance by the standard of material power. It revealed itself powerful in a spiritual and cultural sense. The European Christian unity found its expression above all in an undoubted and uncontested acknowledgement of the unity of the human

* Though never officially abolished by the Church, these *orationes* generally fell out of use after the close of the Empire, except in Austrian dioceses, where they were regularly offered in many of the Austrian churches and still are.

† *Aeneid*, VI, 852, 853.

‡ Cf. Virgil, the "prophet of the Empire" to the Middle Ages: *Aeneid*, I, 277
"nec metas rerum nec tempora pono, imperium sine fine dedit."

race, of one supreme law binding upon mankind. The unity of Faith and law was complemented by a communal language. Latin was not merely the language of the courts, the universities and arts and thus something "highbrow" and strange; it was the communal language of the Church and Liturgy all over civilized Europe and was thus in no way alien to the masses. These facts strongly contributed to the growth of a single civilization animated by Church and Empire which permeated social life in the whole of Europe. This European unity, which made Europe the true centre of the world for ages to come, is hardly comprehensible to the modern mind, which is trained in thinking only in national terms and categories. It seems appropriate, however, to reflect upon this period of European history when just now the necessity of a European integration of some kind seems to be more and more appreciated and to be the not so remote goal to which civilized nations aspire.

If we talk today of "Western civilization" we are, in fact, vaguely referring to the last secularized and dispirited remnants of that Christian European unity, whose political manifestation the Holy Roman Empire was meant to be; it is in this sense that Cardinal Newman may have seen the Empire and its core of immortal truth "still existing, though in a mutilated and decayed state". It is true that the idea of world peace in the Holy Roman Empire never fully materialized. Again we meet here with the striking contrast which alienates our age from the Middle Ages and makes the latter so incomprehensible to us. Each period has cherished an opposite extreme. The "idea" of the Empire seemed to the mediaeval mind a living reality whose established existence was sufficient and in which it unshakenly believed. This "static and unpolitical" age was contented with the knowledge of the truth in established ideas and was both unwilling and unable to carry them into practice. It did not care for organization and machinery, provided only that the principles, the standard and the true order were defined. Our "dynamic and political" age follows just the opposite path and likewise fails by aiming at the opposite extreme. Disillusioned and sceptical of general standards and ideas, guided by ideals instead of by ideas, and by pragmatist and positivist principles, which are regarded as "realistic", it believes only in utilitarianism, in success. Hence it regards politics, organization and legislation as the almighty means to "build a new world", while being both unwilling and unable to see the absolute order of values and to submit to it.

If we try to divest the mediaeval Empire of all its merely external forms and non-essentials, which are only conditioned by time, if we dissect its spiritual core, we shall see those underlying

principles which are timeless and part of eternal truth; these principles apply to us as they did to the past and will do to the future; they are absolute and can never be violated with impunity.

It was not before the thirteenth century under oriental influences, personified in Frederik II and with the reception of Roman Law that a new conception of a human lawgiver, placed above the law, slowly began to take shape. It was, however, in modern times only that the conception of national sovereignty as an end in itself and exempt from any superior law became predominant, accompanied by the complementary positivist conception of law. The Middle Ages still recognized the hierarchical order of absolute values in which the true and the good are supreme. Our age has reached the climax of a period in which this order of values was gradually thrown over. The Christian European society united by an universal conception of Man, by communal submission to the same Faith and the same law was split up into isolated fragments of self-contained, self-regulative "sovereign" nations, each of them the source of its own law. Nation became an end in itself, and consequently the true and the good were subordinated to the interest of the nation. When the Germans horrified the world by their cynical proclamation that "law is whatever benefits the German nation", they merely boisterously spoke out what the other world ashamedly hid behind the phrase "realistic policy". What now is called international law is but a system of treaties and agreements. A vague feeling among men that they somehow ought to be observed is all that is left of the absolute law in modern politics. But people sometimes think they must apologize for this vague feeling; they "rationalize" it by explaining that otherwise you would lose your credit and thus subordinate even that to interest. The state of international relations resembles today a completely disintegrated mass of individuals who in extreme individualism refuse submission to any authority and only acknowledge the individual interest as the supreme principle of action; this means, in fact, anarchy. If the individual interest is the supreme value unchecked by any superior law and authority, only brute force can settle disputes. Between isolated peaks, towering into empty air, as sovereignties do, any kind of bridge is unthinkable. To gather and combine them, something overtowering is needed. If the nations are to constitute some civilized form of human society, they cannot build it up upon the principle of their own interest, but only by acknowledging and submitting to something higher than the nation itself; this higher, however, cannot but be a metaphysical value—a law which supersedes national laws and to which the nations must unconditionally surrender

by acknowledging its absolute validity. The objective order of values must be re-established, and the nations must acknowledge it by humbly confessing that their axioms of sovereignty as end in itself and of the exclusive validity of positive laws were a revolution against the true order of values, a heresy which our mediaeval ancestors had called "*magna superbia*". The Middle Ages, though clearly seeing and recognizing the true order of absolute values, had not the means nor the ability of organizing the world and human society according to them. Our age has perhaps the ability and the means of doing so, but has completely lost the sight of this order and makes its means ends in themselves.

In July 1944 the *Osservatore Romano* published these words: "The world itself looks to have a constituent assembly, whereby we mean not merely an assembly of nations charged with laying the foundations of a new order, but an entity with the task of fixing supreme principles in a covenant of supreme law and a proclamation of spiritual values, justice and collaboration between the nations." The article was an appeal for men to clear their minds regarding the ultimate principles which alone can constitute the basis of world reconstruction.

The absolute order exists and is, indeed, a much stronger reality than all the fleeting, temporary facts of material, economic and political power.

I should like to add only a short remark: I can see my old friend, the "realistic politician", after having read these lines, asking me with a tolerant smile, "Well—maybe you are right; but do you really believe that the nations of the twentieth century were prepared to surrender the tiniest bit of their sovereign rights and to submit to your law in the clouds? They won't, be sure, and thus we have to get on without this philosophy." I would answer:

"I don't believe that the nations are likely to submit to the absolute. But what the sovereign nations would choose to do is not the question. The problem cannot be settled by the sovereign vote of any legislative body nor, indeed, by the command of any dictator. Man will never master truth, it is always truth which masters Man. If they do not submit they are bound to go on from one catastrophe heading towards another with merciless inner logic, until the reality of the absolute is recognized. It is just by ignoring this reality that realistic policy becomes the most dangerous illusion of all times."

WALTER C. BREITENFELD.

HOW ENGLAND LOST THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION.

Delivered before the Newman Association

LET us first of all be clear as to what we mean by the Christian Tradition; and, as a firm preliminary, let us describe it as that religion which we here now profess: a definite teaching about God and His nature; about God's plan for man, His creature; and about the ordering of man's life so that it conforms to God's plan. We have that tradition in all its fullness; and we alone have it in its fullness. Remnants of the tradition are also, indeed, to be found in different departments of the national life; in the various religious bodies; even, in the avowedly secular societies; and in the ideas and the lives of men who, professedly, have no religious beliefs at all.

The Christian Tradition is, in reality, no other thing than the faith of the one holy, Catholic and Apostolic, Roman Church. It is the final revelation of God to man; made to man by the Word of God incarnate, Jesus Christ; and committed by Him to the Catholic Church. That Church He founded to be the infallible expositor of the tradition, the guardian of the *depositum*, the sure and perpetual witness of that which *traditum est*.

The question before us is, in fact, none other than the influence of the Catholic religion in the past of our country. It is an influence that we can trace, through many vicissitudes, yet in unbroken continuity for 1350 years; from the arrival in this country, in the year 597, of the Benedictine monk St. Augustine, who was the first Archbishop of Canterbury, down to this present moment.

I am asked to speak, then, about a very vast subject indeed. A selection from the rich store of such a history is, by the nature of the case, forced upon me. From what point of view shall we review the Catholic past of England?

I might indeed attempt to call up before you the glories of those centuries when—with nothing but the human weaknesses of Catholics to stand as a hindrance to it—the Christian Tradition informed, and shaped, every activity of the nation. I might recite yet once again the litany of the great Catholics whom Catholicism inspired to found the glories of England; scholars such as St. Bede; thinkers like St. Anselm; missionaries like St. Boniface, who took the faith to Germany; statesmen such as Archbishop Lanfranc and Cardinal Stephen Langton; jurists like

Henry of Bracton. I might remind you of such champions of English liberty as St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Thomas More; of such founders of learning as Robert Grossetête and St. John Fisher; of the tale of the unknown thousands of active apostolic men and women—speaking in the very neighbourhood of Whitby I must mention the great St. Hilda—who founded the monasteries, and built the great churches that still survive by the score, in whole or in part, to remind us what great men our ancestors were; or of that vast army of souls who, by a generous fidelity to God in the life of contemplation, brought down upon our country the graces that raised it from insignificance and barbarism, to a peak of even earthly glory and prosperity.

If I have chosen another course, this is not because, already, the glorious Catholic past of England is as familiar to you as it is to myself. We cannot, indeed, ever, too frequently remind ourselves of the wonders of that past—if only for the very practical reason that we never return to the study of it without making fresh discoveries about the debt our national life owes to the Catholic religion. If we would understand how any society lives, moves and has its being, we must incessantly turn our minds to its origins. And the origin of England, as all history has known England, is its acceptance of the Catholic faith. In such a generation as our own, devoted, of necessity, to a bitterly vital examination of weak places in the national structure, it must always be profitable to recall, and to meditate long upon, the Catholic origins of England, and the glorious detail of the Catholic accomplishment *inter Anglos*. And it is also a duty to note the mistakes of the past—and even the blunders: for such of course there were. To note them, and, God willing, with our knowledge of them, to strive to do better in our own time.

For there came a day, as you know well, when the Catholic faith—the Christian Tradition—ceased to possess the allegiance of the English people; “the firm prophetical word”,* ceased to inspire them; the nation began “to follow cunningly-devised fables”; and for the ensuing centuries it “went to dumb idols”.

It has seemed to me that it would perhaps be more serviceable to the Newman Society’s deliberations, and its work, if I were to say something about the fortunes of the Christian Tradition during that part of England’s past in which the country has been hostile to the Catholic Faith; and, as a necessary preliminary if I attempt to describe some of the circumstances in which English Catholics came to be weary of that tradition, to revolt against it, and to follow another.

Before we go further, let me remind you how the Christian

* Of which St. Peter speaks in the Epistle of today’s great feast.

tradition expressed itself in the visible circumstance of English Life, and recall the three typical creations of the English Middle Ages, the Cathedrals, the Universities and the Common Law—typical, in the literal sense of that word: for if we consider what it is that each of these typifies, we see the three main social activities in which the Tradition is creatively at work in the national life:

- (a) the public recognition of God as Lord of all, by worship.
- (b) the development to the full of that in man which is specifically human, his intellect, through a system of learning centred and consummate in man's knowledge of God, his first cause and his supernatural last end.
- (c) the conservation of human rights in a system that relates them not only to one another, but to those rights of God which they reflect; a system that presents these human rights as man's share in God's right, deriving their being from the reality of God's right.

If to these three we add a fourth creation, the Family as the Christian faith has shaped it, we have a summary of the effect of the Christian tradition in the national life.

We remind ourselves, then, of an age when these were effective social realities, not, indeed, realized anywhere in perfection, but accepted as the norm of life; not deferred by vague hope to an utopian future, but working out in practice and in the common round of everyday. Such an age did once exist: it is the past of England.

I would not waste your time with any potted history of the English Reformation, or earn your derision by proposing a simple formula to explain the "why" of it all. But I must draw your attention to some of its features; and first of all to this: that the new arrangements were "put over", "put across", the nation by a compound, more familiar to us than to our "Liberal" grandparents, of violence and "propaganda", using this last word in its current, sinister sense.

The Violence. We all know the historical facts about the penal code; how the English people were, thereby, summoned to a choice between apostasy and ruin, between apostasy and even death. And we know how this alternative was decreed in the very statutes that inaugurated the new religion. Read the Elizabethan acts again, the two first acts passed in her reign, setting up the Royal Supremacy over the Church and substituting the Protestant Communion Service for the Mass: read these and mark the penalties—and note how, at this time, Spain is England's one sole ally, Elizabeth's protector indeed at the Papal Court—and note how willingly the Pope is trusting this benevolent

Spanish interpretation of the English queen's intentions. These acts decree violence for one purpose only, and in one spirit: in hatred of a particular religion, and with the intent that the whole nation shall abandon it. And such violence was necessary—if the end was to be achieved. Does anyone suppose, that if these Elizabethan acts had been merely permissive, the universal changeover would ever have come about?

The Propaganda. Those of us whom choice, or a quasi-professional necessity, lead to any real study of the great Reformation century can, amid the terrible waste which is the Nazis' specific achievement, salvage one good thing at least. It is this—we now know, by experience, the immense effectiveness of ordered propaganda. We are not now so easily taken in by the notion that a new idea or system wins general acceptance only by superior worth or truth. The Reformation in England was never, at any stage, a defeat of the old ideals by the superior truth of the new. But let us carefully remark the nature of propaganda. A shrewd observer, and victim, of the modern masters of this art can teach us much. He can tell us that propaganda "has never created a state of mind; it has confined itself . . . to exaggerating an *existing* state of mind, exploiting it, depraving it. . . . Where propaganda has been successful, it has always been careful to take advantage of the natural paths followed by public opinion; it has attached itself to tendencies already present, doing all it could to accentuate them; and it has made its appeal to instincts which circumstances were already encouraging."*

Now if there was anywhere a weak point in the Catholicism of the English, in that generation which, along with Thomas More, bred Thomas Cromwell and Henry VIII, it was in the practical relations of layman to cleric, and of English clerics with the Roman Curia. In each instance, the root of the trouble was clerical claims (and rights) about money. Upon that weak point the force of the propaganda was, from the first, most skilfully directed. The very first act of what has been called the Reformation Parliament was a petition to the king (which the king inspired) asking him to protect the laity against clerical exactions: and as the contest developed, the clergy were compelled by law to preach, frequently, systematically, in every parish church, on the new great topic that the pope's authority was a usurpation, his financial exactions all these centuries brigandage; and a clause was written into the new Litany, sung every Sunday before the parochial high-mass, "From the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities, Good Lord deliver us."

* Guerlain: *A Prisoner in Germany*, p. 55.

No propaganda was ever more shrewdly devised—none more ingeniously executed—nor was any more fruitful in effects. Though hatred may long ago have disappeared, suspicion, mistrust at least, of the pope *qua* pope is still in the blood of the English. It was the most deadly instrument of all in the uprooting of the Christian Tradition.

The fate of that Tradition was really settled, the axe laid to the root of the tree, when, in the thirties and forties of the sixteenth century, a new teaching *De Romano Pontifice* began to be heard in the two English universities where the flower of the clergy were trained. The approaching new age—our own age—was unmistakably heralded, albeit from afar, when in 1532 the clergy, in a body, acknowledged they had no authority over men but what the crown gave them (an acknowledgement still made to this day, upon oath, by every bishop of the Church of England, doing homage to the King on his appointment): gone now is the fact of an independent canon law; gone now the theory that religion is a wholly supernatural thing, a thing independent of all human authority, presiding as from above over the totality of man's activity; gone now, is the very foundation of the Christian Tradition.

A revolution in worship follows rapidly. Not, of course, anything so superficial as a mere change in the liturgical language; but the abolition of worship as a subsistent reality, the abolition of sacrifice in any but a metaphorical sense. Read again what Cranmer, Ridley, Jewel and the rest thought of the Catholic teaching about worship, and about the Mass which is the specifically Christian act of worship—you will not doubt that what they repudiated and forbade and, so far as they could, utterly drove out, was not any accidental circumstance of the old worship, but its very substance, the traditional, Christian worship itself. No longer was there an infallible means, infallible because divinely created, for man to “contact” supernatural Being, to touch Him as concrete reality of everyday. The spirit which rejected the Mass is visible and active over the whole field of religious life. It gives a kind of uniformity to the general wreck and disfigurement. Grace is no longer a reality in the soul: nor is sin. All is now a sentiment, an “acceptance”, a “showing forth”: it is anything at all, except a definitely known reality that man grasps with certitude, knowing what it is that he grasps. The Christian tradition, that God is the centre of life and that all that is is created for the glory of God, that man finds happiness in this world by living for the glory of God, and in no other wise—that Christian tradition departs. It is man now, man's need of God, and above all, man's need of felt assurance that he cannot lose

his soul, that is the centre and purpose of his relations with God. Here is the motif of the teaching which colours all this century, that justification is by faith alone. God helps man without really changing man, for God cannot really change the sinner: the merits of Christ are "imputed" to him, they clothe him "as a vesture", and "works" are useless towards salvation. Charity becomes no more than the finest of natural sentiments. Man corrupted by Adam's sin, helpless in his corruption, whom even grace will not cure, is at bottom a brute, to be kept under by fear and punishment. Hobbes already is in sight, and, among other things, the horrible penal code of the eighteenth century.

A sham "justification" that does not really justify: a sham conversion that does not really convert: a sham sacramental system of acts which do not really regenerate or nourish. The sinner is at home simultaneously with God and with his sins. Religion is an activity of the State. And soon this very royalty which "after Christ is the Supreme Head of the Church" will be a sham royalty which does not really rule. Sham everywhere; the rule of sham: acceptance of sham as an ideal, the distinctive mark of which we are proud, about which we are "humorous". Everywhere spreads the modern shrinking from reality, from the real sinfulness in our wrongdoing, from the supreme beauty of goodness, from the sovereign reality of truth itself. Certitudes are all gone. Nought is left but "views".

We have been considering what most shocked and dismayed our Catholic ancestors as they looked upon the new evangel of Luther and the rest—the way in which, behind a façade not always very different from that of the Christian Tradition, Protestantism emptied out the whole substance of religion. And for the reception of this, what I have called "sham"—this substitute—the mind of that generation had been just as truly prepared, before ever Luther moved, as it had been prepared for the revolt against the pope before Henry VIII began his operations. This preparation of the Catholic mind, for the reception of a fake Christianity, is no less important than that other which made it ready to reject the pope: the harm it did went further; and it has cast a lasting blight on the national character.

Let me, in illustration, quote a modern writer describing some effects of Anglicanism as he sees them. Anglicanism, he says, "as an acknowledged compromise has encouraged a fear of intellectual integrity as such, and a contempt for logic, that is, the appeal to reason, now perhaps ineradicable and has thus imposed on the English mind an intellectual hypocrisy which is universally noted as one of its chief characteristics."*

* Hutton, p. 20-12.

These are strong words, and Mr. Hutton puts the blame on Anglicanism. I want to suggest that Anglicanism is but a symptom of the trouble—that the root cause lies much further back. For, how came there to be Anglicans at all—not indeed the unwilling recruits forced into Anglicanism by the Elizabethan reign of terror, nor the great army of the insufficiently instructed who drifted with the flowing tide—but how came there to be the Catholics who devised these new religious ideas? Wrapped up in the answer to this question lies the answer to our own, How did the Christian Tradition come to be lost? it is of course the same question.

And here, I think—studying the preparation of the English mind to receive this propaganda—we must go back two centuries beyond Thomas Cranmer, to that most eventful fourteenth century of our English history—to the century that saw two kings deposed and murdered; that saw the Hundred Years' War begin, and the Black Death and the Peasants' Revolt; the century of Piers Plowman and Chaucer; the century also—and this is our business at the moment—of Wycliff and of William of Ockham.

In the very heart of the Elizabethan age, a man singularly well placed for theological judgement—no less a personage than Dr. William Allen, president of the famous missionary college at Douay—said, deliberately and strongly, that in Wycliff all the later heresies were foreshadowed and contained, and as the best specific against Anglicans and Puritans alike, urged his pupils to study the classic writer against Lollardy, Thomas of Walden.

It is a thesis one would like to see worked out and demonstrated by a historical comparison of the texts. Perhaps some day, one of those foreign scholars who alone seem to have the interest, or the training, or the opportunity, or the encouragement (or all four together) which the task requires, will investigate the matter for us.

As it is, we do not know so much about the effect of Wycliff as we do about the effect of that highly mischievous personage, the one-time Franciscan, and professor of theology at Oxford, William of Ockham. Ockham is mischievous indeed. For he is not only a theologian but a philosopher who is an original; and, as an original philosopher he is the author of doctrines that corrupt and destroy human thought in its very beginnings. Briefly, if Ockham is right, it is impossible really to know, with certitude, anything beyond the concrete individual facts that fall under our own direct experience. It is impossible to know ultimate truth; all *intellectual* reality is dissolved into “views”. And it is the incredible fact of history, that, from about the middle

of the fourteenth century, this sterilizing philosophy began to dominate in all the universities, to become an accepted teaching, and, inevitably, to affect the theologian too. The main conquest of Ockham's Nominalist theories was the university of Paris—but their first home was Oxford, and from Oxford they never ceased (I am tempted to speak as one less wise and to say they still continue) to influence English religious life. It is to the Nominalism of Ockham that we owe the national contentment with sham.

This is not, of course, to say that the true theological tradition was lost; or even so obscured that it ceased to matter. The Dominicans, undoubtedly, remained true to St. Thomas; the Franciscans to Duns Scotus. But the new, radical, Nominalism of Ockham had, also, *droit de cité*: and this was the fashionable school; it had the new scientists on its side; it was the *via moderna* where Thomists and Scotists were the *via antiqua*. And it also had the bad effect, on many who yet were not Nominalists, of alienating them from the study of scholastic theology altogether.

Nominalism, then, did a double harm. In the first place, it predisposed the minds of those who accepted it against definitive teaching, and moral absolutes; and so against a Tradition which rested on these and was the expression of them.

And, secondly, it helped, indirectly, to produce a generation of orthodox scholars for whom theology was no more than the study of the ancient fathers, no more really, that is to say, than a kind of Church History. When Luther appeared he would be met—not ineffectively indeed—by a strong historical argument that proved him an innovator in religion: but he would not be met, in England, by any such analysis of his ideas, any such demonstration in form of their worthlessness as ideas, as Cajetan, for example, was to produce on the continent. That unfortunate state of things was, I suggest, one very important by-product of Ockham's hold on the English universities in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

We must not, then, imagine, in the England upon which the Reformation came, a whole body of clergy formed *iuxta mentem Divi Thomae*—which is as much as to say we must not postulate as an element in the Reformation a whole English clergy formed in sound theology.

But the mischief done by Nominalism went further still; it passed beyond the writer in his study, and reached as far as the Christian on his knees before his Creator. It was the baneful effect of Ockham to justify, philosophically, a mentality by this time becoming general, even among clerics, for which all the

discussions among theologians were otiose, and the matter of those discussions unreal, ridiculous even. The danger here to the future of the Christian Tradition was all the greater in that those possessed of this mentality passed for good Catholics, and considered themselves to be such. Seeking for certitude about the things of God they fled the contentions of the scholastics; but they fled to religion, that is, to their own private, inner life of devotion. And here lurked a danger they did not suspect; one of the greatest dangers of all. That danger was a new attitude to what we sometimes call "the spiritual life"; and it was to become one of the cornerstones of the new, Protestant version of Christianity.

The danger was this. Whether these contemners of declining Scholasticism realized it or not, indifference to the discussion about truth, involves, ultimately, an indifference to truth itself. Such indifference produces a mind that is not averse from error; for it is a mind that is unaware of the importance of the difference between truth and error. Now "devotion", by which—for the purposes of this paper—I mean the business of man's private converse with God, is sometimes based on what a man knows about God, or again, on what he feels when engaged in this business; it is based on fact or on sentiment: and to guide a man, as he wonders about the nature of his feelings, and about how much notice he ought to take of them, there is, in the end, one way only: he must ask the Church; and the Church will teach him, through her theologians. The theologians will apply to these "experiences", or teach the inquirer how to do this, the measure of divine truth objectively known: and so the "mystic" will rightly evaluate his experiences, and be preserved from the danger of self-deception; the danger, that is, of worshipping his own ideas disguised by his emotions (or his errors) as divine.

Against such self-deception—if there be no means of knowing objectively the all-important divine truth—against such self-deception, no strength of will, no intensity of emotion, is any security at all. "Devotion" which is deliberately indifferent to theology is a real menace to a man's salvation; when it develops into a "devotion" hostile to theology it can become a menace to all. And this is what happened, very frequently, in the last generations of the Middle Ages.

Never was there a time, when there was greater general enthusiasm for the "life of devotion" than in the generation that bred Luther. One feature especially marks it—the desire for "felt" spiritual consolation; and for a felt reassurance about salvation. And it is also a time when the "mystics" have little use for the theologians. Here is tinder for a conflagration!

here is yet another tendency, upon which "propaganda" will very easily get to work!! "Go straight to God"—no theology, no priesthood, no rites—these are not necessary. "Go into your chamber, and live your own life with God." What you believe doesn't matter, save that you know, by the experience of what you feel, that God is there, that you speak to Him, and that He is speaking to you.

There are two especial peculiarities of this religious life in the England of the early sixteenth century to which I ought, perhaps, to draw your attention before leaving this part of my subject. We know fairly well the titles of all the books first printed in England, from the day Caxton set up his press under the aegis of the Abbot of Westminster. A French scholar, studying this very subject, England on the eve of the break with the papacy, reveals that the number of religious books printed is surprisingly high; of their character he tells us that they are, mostly, mere sentimentality and incredible, fantastic legend. And among them all—this is the second peculiarity—there is no Bible; not even the New Testament. This is most extraordinary. At a time when the Catholics of France and Italy and Germany were using the new invention of printing to produce edition after edition of the Bible, the holy book was ignored by the printers in England for sixty years, until Henry VIII—no longer a Catholic—set them to the task.

The Christian Tradition, then, was violently repudiated by one-time leaders of Catholic thought. Another thing was set up by them in its place. For, Protestantism is a thing essentially different from Catholicism; that is to say, it is a different kind of thing; it is not a religion at all in the sense that Catholicism is a religion; there is, in fact, really, only one religion—the divine religion which is the Catholic Church; the rest are only called religions by analogy. You know this, of course, already—the catechism we learnt in our childhood taught us there is one true religion: the others? they are false. It is highly important to bear constantly in mind this seemingly speculative truth, when we proceed to examine, and to evaluate, what remnants of the Christian Tradition survived the great catastrophe, and still survive in the national life.

(*To be concluded*)

PH. H.

ON FOUR CENTENARIES OF 1945

I DO not subscribe to the school of thought which thinks centenaries are overdone. It is quite true that in an age of publicity they are found very useful as pretexts. Some resourceful statesmen have been known at world conferences to invent birthdays for their young daughters as an occasion for a social party; and the birthday of Rome was imported into the Italian year by the secular politicians to give an occasion for anti-clerical demonstrations. But this criticism of centenaries is only that they can be and are exploited and abused—a more searching criticism is that they have a debilitating effect; man was made with his eyes in front that he might look ahead. It was meant to be rather difficult for him to take more than an occasional and swift glance behind. So Western man, at any rate, thinks—since he became a Christian; for Christianity is the great creed of looking forward, and yet it is also a great historical creed full of dates and anniversaries and grateful deliberate remembrance which takes no heed of the centuries, and is today for ever thinking of the early, as well as of the later, epochs of the Church. The habit of keeping centenaries is peculiarly ingrained in men whose ancestors lived so many generations inside the framework of the liturgical year with its historical reminders in every week. The great advantage of centenaries is that they fulfil the purposes of a social introduction to some portion of the past, for the modern world which lives pressed, at an ever quicker tempo, by the accumulated interests of its present hour. English newspapers are not fond of historical articles, but they will sometimes have them on this pretext of dates, and a small line in italics at the top can be the calm justification for some enormous historical digression. The free lance, armed with Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* or Chambers' *Book of Days*, need never lack for subjects; and 1945 is going to be a rich year.

Four centenaries, each belonging to a different century, and covering between them the last four hundred years, make very good fixed points for any man seeking a historical perspective of the modern world. The first is the meeting of the Council of Trent late in 1545. It is true of all the men of the sixteenth century that they could not at all appreciate the scale of their influence and the magnitude of their action. The preacher seeking to bring home in vivid fashion the incalculable horror of sin has a kind of symbol or illustration in the vast remote effects, in continents then barely known to exist, of the decisions taken in his private chamber by Henry VIII. The men who

met at Trent had a great sense that they were meeting as the supreme assembly of the key institution of mankind. They had an immense sense of their jurisdiction. But they had no means of foreseeing the enormous expansion of the Western world, the great growth of population which was to set in among the peoples who accepted the Church's authority, nor could they see that they were to be the last Council for three hundred years. Their immediate history was all too full of councils, and it had not been without reason, though it was in fact a disaster, that Pope after Pope had delayed the calling of another. But the Bishops at Trent did not know that they were, in fact, creating a mould and setting in which the Catholic faith would be held and taught, defended and attacked through centuries of increasingly vehement and radical controversy. The assembling of the Council four hundred years ago is something every Catholic does well to think about, to assess the balance sheet of losses and gains through a meeting which gave the Church the discipline and the sharp boundaries it has displayed to the world ever since. Among a great many Catholics the disciplinary regulations of Trent are now considered an integral part of the Faith. The distinction between doctrine and discipline becomes blurred, and this is particularly unfortunate because while Trent was held in an age of vigorous and aggressive heresy, while its richest harvest was the doctrinal definition of the Catholic position against the Lutherans, it was also a mobilization of the Church, clergy and Laity in a Europe where it was no longer possible to treat the Catholic faith as the Universal religion, coterminous with Christendom. The age of the Seminaries was beginning, and with it both the clericalism and anti-clericalism whose conflict makes so much of modern political history. The criticism of the clergy which was most widespread in the Middle Ages was a criticism of their worldliness; in a society where they had so much of the monopoly of higher education, those on the endowments were continually tempted to become a privileged and superior class. They were equally open to attack if they were the embodiments of a vested interest or needy and unendowed mendicants, pardoners and summoners and other forerunners of modern high pressure salesmen. The criticisms were, in fact, curiously parallel to those brought against business men today, either as vast privileged corporations or small cheating fry. But what was to emerge in the post-Tridentine era was a very different view of the clergy, as they were seen and experienced in the setting of Trent. They were at once closely connected with the civil government, and yet in their early formation were outside the main stream of national life. They

emerged as a class with a specialized formation which became increasingly the object of attack. It is an attack which, in our time, is very often inspired by impatience and bewilderment, because modern men have been brought up to think of religion as an interest, a way of life on its own, like a particular branch of knowledge or industry; something which may make an appeal to a man, or can admittedly in some ways enter into his thoughts and feelings, but is not of any immediate social relevance. This is the transformation from sixteenth-century thinking which has been, as a matter of history, encouraged by the Tridentine discipline.

The division was never so sharp among the Catholics as among the Lutherans, between that public life in which the reign of sin had to be expected and taken for granted, and the private personal life of the justified sinner. The Church never retracted or withdrew from the great claim that the whole of human life, men in all their societies and associations, as politicians, as company directors, can never get outside of the circle of Christian jurisdiction. No part of their life is off the record, but in fact the way reform was approached, the shape it took, the spirit it bred, encouraged the view that religion is one field, and politics and business other fields, with their own laws. It was not very long before first the politicians, and then the men of business, were claiming to be sovereign in their own spheres.

The vast labours of the Council of Trent from 1545 onwards were labours inside a society, which, in fact, had become a smaller society. Like the heretical reformers, the Tridentine doctors thought in universal terms; when they invited Queen Elizabeth to send her divines in 1560, the invitation was genuine. The Lutheran heresies they were rejecting and rebutting were advanced as propositions for the whole of society. The sixteenth century had a greater logic than the twentieth century, for today Christians have learnt to be content to assert, and not to press their own doctrinal positions. They will press the secondary consequences of their dogmas, often vehemently and fiercely, but they have learnt something more than the persuasiveness of moderation. They are in an illogical and irrational mood; a lull in controversies which is abnormal, for the controversies must, in fact, be renewed if the continual struggle for unity continues to be a marked human characteristic.

The Council of Trent, like the Society of Jesus, which played so distinguished a part in its deliberations, fashioned the Church to meet a new age, whose underlying character was the growth of political authority over more and more of human life. This is something it has only become easy for everybody to see in

the twentieth century. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries absolutism was known, but it was felt to be something that might be successfully challenged because it could not control economic activity. The business man emerged with a vested interest in freedom of economic action, both in the Netherlands and in England. But he based himself on old charters and liberties against the authority of a centralized government. Modern scholars have rewritten the epic of the Dutch war for freedom in a way that would have startled the romantic Victorians, who made Protestantism and progress; a conscious partnership. The Dutch rebels were highly conservative, as conservative as the Spanish colonists who created independent republics two hundred years later out of the Spanish Empire in America. It was the monarchy which was the instrument, under Philip II in the sixteenth century, under Charles III in the eighteenth, of the reforming, planning, activity, while the patriotic heroes took their stand on the older order, on their cherished privileges and the way of life they were not prepared to give up. It was the same story in England when the early Stuarts, succeeding to the highly centralized Tudor despotism, encountered an opposition and revolt which owed its strength to being a combination of the old and the new—business men becoming the champions of a mediaeval constitutional tradition.

The second of the four centenaries, the Battle of Naseby, July 1645, was militarily the most decisive battle of the English Civil War. After Marston Moor, there was still a serious chance for the Army of the King. After Naseby there was none, and the small incident by which the King's papers fell into the hands of the Roundheads, and were published and revealed a duplicity which, if not abnormal in high politics, was undignified in the wearer of the crown of England, widened the gulf that was to culminate, three and a half years afterwards, in the judicial murder of the King. To our modern eyes both sides at Naseby were still closely linked with mediaeval England. They were both believers in paternal government—and paternal government was the air the Middle Ages breathed. So much appeal could be made in the seventeenth century to constitutional rights, and particular liberties. Magna Carta could be exploited and suffer transportation from the particular context to the general context, because the Middle Ages were really full of special liberties, of special exemptions and privileges, and were full because the general presumption was in favour of the authority of the King to intervene in any and every sphere.

When we speak of the new Renaissance Absolutism, what was new was the efficiency and eager ambition, and the breaking down

and destruction of all the little hurdles and obstacles, the local life, and the other associations and bodies lesser than the State. The destruction of the religious bodies by Henry VIII is a leading instance. It was the destruction of bodies particularly repugnant to the Royal authority at Westminster, where their constitutions, their super-national affiliations gave them a status outside the hierarchy which had its apex in the King. There was achieved an absolutism which had to be resisted if the English were to continue in the tradition they had made for themselves in the Middle Ages. The central and decisive role of the City of London on the side of the Parliament was the reaction of a representative mediaeval achievement, the town, with its rights and privileges, against the Crown. But "the City" in the modern sense was the main beneficiary from the defeat of the Crown, for the Government which had destroyed the independence of the Church was to respect all too completely the sovereignty of the political economist and the Bank.

The Parliament men retain singularly little hold on the imagination of posterity. Cromwell means something: like Nelson he is a class apart, a name which strikes chords. But he is not remembered for his cause, but for his militant Protestantism, and for his pre-eminence as the supreme amateur soldier in our history. No other nation could have produced him, and he is recognized as the authentic Englishman, the countryman, turning his hand under necessity to politics and war, and improvising with the highest competence.

The Civil War has produced very little subsequent literature, has not inspired the novelists or the poets. Those who gained so decisively by the victory of the Parliament were within a generation to be remote from and ashamed of the Biblical bigotry and theological fanaticism which placed the Parliament men on the mediaeval side of the great dividing line between the mediaeval and the modern mentality. Laud also was on the further, and right side of that line, with a sense of priorities which modern men are growing desperately aware they must recapture. The temper of Laud and the Puritans was a bad temper, but their theological approach to politics was highly intelligent: and for that very reason in the eighteenth century unappreciated. Today men find it difficult to espouse warmly either of the sides who fought so hard at Naseby. Catholics who were all for the King then are, in general, for him still, on the simple and sufficient principle that if the first need and right of man is access to the channels of sacramental grace, they must support the side which will allow Mass to be said and allow them to bring up their children in their faith. Charles I did neither, but he was much

nearer to these essential permissions, much the better bet for the Catholics than his hard and narrow enemies who hated him because they felt he was never far away from tolerating the Catholics. Their attitude settled the question for Catholics. Whenever a similar position recurs in our own day, the general instinct of Catholics is to support the man or regent under whom the Sacraments and Catholic education have the best chance, and not to put lesser things in front of that. The main division between Catholics and their contemporaries discloses itself here, that democratic forms are the criterion to those contemporaries, but religious freedom to the Catholics.

This was the Catholic interest in the third of the centenaries—the event which lives *par excellence* as the '45—the last throw of the House of Stuart for the throne of England and Scotland. The ideas of the later Stuarts was much too closely formed on the French model of Louis XIV to square it with a very definite and clear English tradition. But to the Catholics living under Penal laws, a generation before the Acts of Relief and Emancipation began, the Stuart success seemed to be the only way of breaking a hopeless and settled oppression. Yet those Lancashire Catholics did not come out in any great strength. They would have accepted a victory mainly won by the Highlands of Scotland, but they did not believe enough in the prospects of success. George II and his Ministers were much more conscious how recent and unrooted the House of Hanover was: it had been but twenty years on the throne, and all men of middle life could well remember it coming, and the peril it had encountered at its first coming. The Court envisaged flight. In fact something had already happened to make bids for the throne picturesque, and an irruption from an earlier age, in which the Highlands were, indeed, living. The prize itself, the crown, was diminished by the twenty years in leading-strings. There had never before been a time in our history when men could be born and educated and could plan their success and enjoy it and all the time be less conscious of the King and the Court and the Ministers: and a new confidence in private life, a new conviction that Government was better thus limited in its aim and range, was preparing the coming of the Liberals, who would make a fruitful dogmatic creed out of the circumscription and abolition of age-old policies of Government control. The real tide was already beginning to flow against the whole philosophy of paternal government, which was not to become fashionable again for two hundred years; yet George III was a sufficiently restrictive ruler when he could be. It was the misfortune of the Stuarts that their tradition was the older one, that everyone knew

that only inefficiency and loss of pleasure would in fact mitigate the activity of a Stuart court; in theory it would consider itself fully within its rights in ruling much more actively than George II could or Walpole had ever wanted to; the example of the Versailles of Louis XV was very near and plain. It was a bad example, a home of political disease, the spectacle of a monarchy which had jealously sucked into itself far too much of the independent life of rural France, which kept the nobility as jesters and the Churchmen as chaplains, and was doing great injury to the Catholic religion by an insolent and ostentatious patronage. Those who did not dare to attack the French monarchy could make their point by attacking the French Church. The English, at any rate, had taken their decision in the thirty years before the '45: a decision to leave religion as far as possible to one side, as a matter where it was a great mistake to hope for uniformity and a greater mistake to try to enforce it. Acquiescing in the existence of Dissent—and the Dissenters were the great outstanding mark of England, for nowhere had Protestantism so splintered and sub-divided with so much vitality—the State was already set to become secular, and the Establishment was in fact already destined to be something which received special official favours but was not, as had been originally intended, the nation in its relation to God.

The path which led Newman to the event of which the centenary is in October 1945 began at that point, with the realization in the early 1830s that the English State was secular, and that some other title-deed and claim than its national character must be the groundwork of the Church of England. Thomas Arnold was still stoutly maintaining that Church and State were the same society, functioning in different capacities; but Keble and Newman knew that Earl Grey and Lord Melbourne and their Parliaments were nothing of the kind, and were going to be increasingly remote as the middle-class manufacturers came to dispute the Tory majority. It was increasingly clear that Parliament was not Christian a generation before Charles Bradlaugh came refusing the oath. A place continued to be made for religion, as it is made today in the new Education Act; but the hundred years since the defeat of the '45 had proved what had really been victorious in England. The nation was triumphant over the State; more completely triumphant in England than anywhere else. This pleased Newman, who understood very well the genius of his countrymen. At the time of the Crimean War he wrote a series of letters called "Who is to Blame?" to explain to those who were blaming the Government that it was the sound essence of the English system that the Government

should be inefficient; that at every turn it should find itself hampered by carefully sub-divided powers, and by limitations on what it could do. The English Government had been reduced by the private men of England to the status, so far as was possible, of a private person, keeping its account at the Bank and cutting its coat to its cloth. In England, as Newman understood, the nation did things, not the State, and the State had to be limited in order that the nation might be active and free. This weakness of the State was the proof of English vigour and ambition, which was not content to be looked after as less active spirits might be. The essence of England was the combination of respect for the law with a determination to see that the law preserved to every man his freedom to be active in his chosen line. All the architecture of the England Newman looked out on bore out this truth, that the achievements of the previous two hundred years were private achievements, the country house which improved the countryside and the factories which made the new, unlovely towns. All trade and overseas enterprise told the same story; and a few years before Newman wrote the settlement of New Zealand had been a further illustration of the nation acting in advance of, and forcing the pace for, the State.

Newman quoted Macaulay's well-known passage attributing the preservation of liberty in England, while almost all the Continent was claimed for absolutism, to the success of the English in resisting a standing Army when war became a professional and a specialized business. The main reason for the King's defeat at Naseby was that he was outnumbered by two to one; and he was outnumbered because there was no standing Army. The mediaeval King could only wage limited and local war; the measure of the abilities of the great Kings is how far and for how long they could lead what large forces. The point of strong castles was that time was always on the side of the defence. But the new mobile artillery and every improvement in communications strengthened the power of whoever could command a trained permanent force. Military history lies underneath the rise of Renaissance Absolutism, as parallel improvements in the organization of communications, and a police in charge of them, have made it possible for a party, once it gets control of those things, to rule and discipline tens of millions of unorganized private people. To men of Newman's generation the British constitution was a most elaborate masterpiece of checks and balances to control the executive and keep the nations great by keeping the State small. Newman noticed how jealously the law and the Church as well as the army were kept in their place: the law, by a resolute attachment to juries, the

army by splitting it up, and keeping its loyalty circumscribed to its regiments, the Church by treating it as a collection of offices, each to be filled separately: not for nothing was Convocation kept from meeting between 1717 and 1840. Newman was clear-eyed enough to see that the advantages vastly outweighed the disadvantages. But he also understood very well how the principle that the nation should do things directly by leaving individual Englishman free to act, had for its consequence that religious dissent, since it was firmly rooted, made it certain that the hesitant and deferential statesmen should adopt a non-committal course towards religion. The statesmen represented too many different types of people. When the State began to interest itself in education, it was in the spirit of Lord Brougham and not in the spirit of the Establishment, in the hope that everybody could agree in the value of similar knowledge, if they did not agree on the content of revealed doctrine. In vain, at the time, did Newman proclaim the fallacy of educating with greater knowledge instead of with religion: an immense reversal of the educational ideas of twelve centuries went forward, but after a hundred years of it Newman can be seen to have had the truth on his side against Lord Brougham.

Three of these centenaries are English occasions: only the first happened outside this country and remotely at the time. But it was the Catholic Church, as it emerged after Trent, which came to take its place among the bodies making up the national society of liberal England. The very Acts of Emancipation and Enfranchisement were part of the triumph of the secular ideas. Men like Lord John Russell were immensely inconsistent, when, in 1850, they objected to the restoration of a hierarchy of Catholic Bishops, who fitted perfectly easily into the form of open Voluntary society the English had chosen and perfected for themselves. But they came back at a moment when that society was to begin to yield before the impact of constitutional *étatisme*, primarily through the influence of German rationalism creating a vacuum and the German idealists filling it in the Universities. Newman sensed much of this coming change, of the resumption of the State, and of the attack on the primacy of religion to which a lip service was still paid. But when he found the Church himself, it was the post-Tridentine Church which in a hundred accidents and irrelevancies was so foreign to the English after four centuries of divided history: and estranged English faces too easily missed seeing, too commonly failed to recognize again, the "many splendoured thing".

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF,

LEAF BY NIGGLE

THREE was once a little man called Niggle, who had a long journey to make. He did not want to go, indeed the whole idea was distasteful to him; but he could not get out of it. He knew he would have to start some time, but he did not hurry with his preparations.

Niggle was a painter. Not a very successful one, partly because he had many other things to do. Most of these things he thought were a nuisance; but he did them fairly well, when he could not get out of them: which (in his opinion) was far too often. The laws in his country were rather strict. There were other hindrances, too. For one thing, he was sometimes just idle, and did nothing at all. For another, he was kindhearted, in a way. You know the sort of kind heart: it made him uncomfortable more often than it made him do anything; and even when he did anything, it did not prevent him from grumbling, losing his temper, and swearing (mostly to himself). All the same, it did land him in a good many odd jobs for his neighbour, Mr. Parish, a man with a lame leg. Occasionally he even helped other people from further off, if they came and asked him to. Also, now and again, he remembered his journey, and began to pack a few things in an ineffectual way: at such times he did not paint very much.

He had a number of pictures on hand; most of them were too large and ambitious for his skill. He was the sort of painter who can paint leaves better than trees. He used to spend a long time on a single leaf, trying to catch its shape, and its sheen, and the glistening of dewdrops on its edges. Yet he wanted to paint a whole tree, with all of its leaves in the same style, and all of them different.

There was one picture in particular which bothered him. It had begun with a leaf caught in the wind, and it became a tree; and the tree grew, sending out innumerable branches, and thrusting out the most fantastic roots. Strange birds came and settled on the twigs and had to be attended to. Then all round the Tree, and behind it, through the gaps in the leaves and boughs, a country began to open out; and there were glimpses of a forest marching over the land, and of mountains tipped with snow. Niggle lost interest in his other pictures; or else he took them and tacked them on to the edges of his great picture. Soon the canvas became so large that he had to get a ladder; and he ran up and down it, putting in a touch here, and rubbing out a patch there. When people came to call, he seemed polite enough,

though he fiddled a little with the pencils on his desk. He listened to what they said, but underneath he was thinking all the time about his big canvas, in the tall shed that had been built for it out in his garden (on a plot where once he had grown potatoes).

He could not get rid of his kind heart. "I wish I was more strong-minded!" he sometimes said to himself, meaning that he wished other people's troubles did not make him feel uncomfortable. But for a long time he was not seriously perturbed. "At any rate, I shall get this one picture done, my real picture, before I have to go on that wretched journey," he used to say. Yet he was beginning to see that he could not put off his start indefinitely. The picture would have to stop just growing and get finished.

One day Niggle stood a little way off from his picture and considered it with unusual attention and detachment. He could not make up his mind what he thought about it, and wished he had some friend who would tell him what to think. Actually it seemed to him wholly unsatisfactory, and yet very lovely, the only really beautiful picture in the world. What he would have liked at that moment would have been to see himself walk in, and slap him on the back, and say (with obvious sincerity): "Absolutely magnificent! I see exactly what you are getting at. Do get on with it, and don't bother about anything else! We will arrange for a public pension, so that you need not."

However, there was no public pension. And one thing he could see: it would need some concentration, some *work*, hard uninterrupted work, to finish the picture, even at its present size. He rolled up his sleeves, and began to concentrate. He tried for several days not to bother about other things. But there came a tremendous crop of interruptions. Things went wrong in his house; he had to go and serve on a jury in the town; a distant friend fell ill; Mr. Parish was laid up with lumbago; and visitors kept on coming. It was springtime, and they wanted a free tea in the country: Niggle lived in a pleasant little house, miles away from the town. He cursed them in his heart, but he could not deny that he had invited them himself, away back in the winter, when he had not thought it an "interruption" to visit the shops and have tea with acquaintances in the town. He tried to harden his heart; but it was not a success. There were many things that he had not the face to say *no* to, whether he thought them duties or not; and there were some things he was compelled to do, whatever he thought. Some of his visitors hinted that his garden was rather neglected, and that he might get a visit from an Inspector. Very few of them knew about his picture, of course; but if they had known, it would not

have made much difference. I doubt if they would have thought that it mattered much. I dare say it was not really a very good picture, though it may have had some good passages. The Tree, at any rate, was curious. Quite unique in its way. So was Niggle; though he was also a very ordinary and rather silly little man.

At length Niggle's time became really precious. His acquaintances in the distant town began to remember that the little man had got to make a troublesome journey, and some began to calculate how long at the latest he could put off starting. They wondered who would take his house, and if the garden would be better kept.

The autumn came, very wet and windy. The little painter was in his shed. He was up on the ladder, trying to catch the gleam of the westering sun on the peak of a snow-mountain, which he had glimpsed just to the left of the leafy tip of one of the Tree's branches. He knew that he would have to be leaving soon: perhaps early next year. He could only just get the picture finished, and only so so, at that: there were some corners where he would not have time now to do more than hint at what he wanted.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in!" he said sharply, and climbed down the ladder. He stood on the floor twiddling his brush. It was his neighbour, Parish: his only real neighbour, all other folk lived a long way off. Still, he did not like the man very much: partly because he was so often in trouble and in need of help; and also because he did not care about painting, but was very critical about gardening. When Parish looked at Niggle's garden (which was often) he saw mostly weeds; and when he looked at Niggle's pictures (which was seldom) he saw only green and grey patches and black lines, which seemed to him nonsensical. He did not mind mentioning the weeds (a neighbourly duty), but he refrained from giving any opinion of the pictures. He thought this was very kind, and he did not realize that, even if it was kind, it was not kind enough. Help with the weeds (and perhaps praise for the pictures) would have been better.

"Well, Parish, what is it?" said Niggle.

"I oughtn't to interrupt you, I know," said Parish (without a glance at the picture). "You are very busy, I'm sure."

Niggle had meant to say something like that himself, but he had missed his chance. All he said was: "Yes."

"But I have no one else to turn to," said Parish.

"Quite so," said Niggle with a sigh: one of those sighs that are a private comment, but which are not made quite inaudible. "What can I do for you?"

"My wife has been ill for some days, and I am getting worried," said Parish. "And the wind has blown half the tiles off my roof, and water is pouring into the bedroom. I think I ought to get the doctor. And the builders, too, only they take so long to come. I was wondering if you had any wood and canvas you could spare, just to patch me up and see me through for a day or two." Now he did look at the picture.

"Dear, dear!" said Niggle. "You *are* unlucky. I hope it is no more than a cold that your wife has got. I'll come round presently, and help you move the patient downstairs."

"Thank you very much," said Parish, rather coolly. "But it is not a cold, it is a fever. I should not have bothered you for a cold. And my wife is in bed downstairs already. I can't get up and down with trays, not with my leg. But I see you are busy. Sorry to have troubled you. I had rather hoped you might have been able to spare the time to go for the doctor, seeing how I'm placed; and the builder too, if you really have no canvas you can spare."

"Of course," said Niggle; though other words were in his heart, which at the moment was merely soft without feeling at all kind. "I could go. I'll go, if you are really worried."

"I am worried, very worried. I wish I was not lame," said Parish.

So Niggle went. You see, it was awkward. Parish was his neighbour, and everyone else a long way off. Niggle had a bicycle, and Parish had not, and could not ride one. Parish had a lame leg, a genuine lame leg which gave him a good deal of pain: that had to be remembered, as well as his sour expression and whining voice. Of course, Niggle had a picture and barely time to finish it. But it seemed that this was a thing that Parish had to reckon with and not Niggle. Parish, however, did not reckon with pictures; and Niggle could not alter that. "Curse it!" he said to himself, as he got out his bicycle.

It was wet and windy, and daylight was waning. "No more work for me today!" thought Niggle, and all the time that he was riding, he was either swearing to himself, or imagining the strokes of his brush on the mountain, and on the spray of leaves beside it, that he had first imagined in the spring. His fingers twitched on the handlebars. Now he was out of the shed, he saw exactly the way in which to treat that shining spray which framed the distant vision of the mountain. But he had a sinking feeling in his heart, a sort of fear that he would never now get a chance to try it out.

Niggle found the doctor, and he left a note at the builder's. The office was shut, and the builder had gone home to his fireside.

Niggle got soaked to the skin, and caught a chill himself. The doctor did not set out as promptly as Niggle had done. He arrived next day, which was quite convenient for him, as by that time there were two patients to deal with, in neighbouring houses. Niggle was in bed, with a high temperature, and marvellous patterns of leaves and involved branches forming in his head and on the ceiling. It did not comfort him to learn that Mrs. Parish had only had a cold, and was getting up. He turned his face to the wall and buried himself in leaves.

He remained in bed some time. The wind went on blowing. It took away a good many more of Parish's tiles, and some of Niggle's as well: his own roof began to leak. The builder did not come. Niggle did not care; not for a day or two. Then he crawled out to look for some food (Niggle had no wife). Parish did not come round: the rain had got into his leg and made it ache; and his wife was busy mopping up water, and wondering if "that Mr. Niggle" had forgotten to call at the builder's. Had she seen any chance of borrowing anything useful, she would have sent Parish round, leg or no leg; but she did not, so Niggle was left to himself.

At the end of a week or so Niggle tottered out to his shed again. He tried to climb the ladder, but it made his head giddy. He sat and looked at the picture, but there were no patterns of leaves or visions of mountains in his mind that day. He could have painted a far-off view of a sandy desert, but he had not the energy.

Next day he felt a good deal better. He climbed the ladder, and began to paint. He had just begun to get into it again, when there came a knock on the door.

"Damn!" said Niggle. But he might just as well have said "Come in!" politely, for the door opened all the same. This time a very tall man came in, a total stranger.

"This is a private studio," said Niggle. "I am busy. Go away!"

"I am an Inspector of Houses," said the man, holding up his appointment-card, so that Niggle on his ladder could see it.

"Oh!" he said.

"Your neighbour's house is not satisfactory at all," said the Inspector.

"I know," said Niggle. "I took a note to the builders a long time ago, but they have never come. Then I have been ill."

"I see," said the Inspector. "But you are not ill now."

"But I'm not a builder. Parish ought to make a complaint to the Town Council, and get help from the Emergency Service."

"They are busy with worse damage than any up here," said

the Inspector. "There has been a flood in the valley, and many families are homeless. You should have helped your neighbour to make temporary repairs and prevent the damage from getting more costly to mend than necessary. That is the law. There is plenty of material here: canvas, wood, waterproof paint."

"Where?" asked Niggle indignantly.

"There!" said the Inspector, pointing to the picture.

"My picture!" exclaimed Niggle.

"I dare say it is," said the Inspector. "But houses come first. That is the law."

"But I can't . . ." Niggle said no more, for at that moment another man came in. Very much like the Inspector he was, almost his double: tall, dressed all in black.

"Come along!" he said. "I am the Driver."

Niggle stumbled down from the ladder. His fever seemed to have come on again, and his head was swimming; he felt cold all over.

"Driver? Driver?" he chattered. "Driver of what?"

"You, and your carriage," said the man. "The carriage was ordered long ago. It has come at last. It's waiting. You start today on your journey, you know."

"There now!" said the Inspector. "You'll have to go; but it's a bad way to start on your journey, leaving your jobs undone. Still, we can at least make some use of this canvas now."

"Oh, dear!" said poor Niggle, beginning to weep. "And it's not even finished!"

"Not finished?" said the Driver. "Well, it's finished with, as far as you're concerned, at any rate. Come along!"

Niggle went, quite quietly. The Driver gave him no time to pack, saying that he ought to have done that before, and they would miss the train; so all Niggle could do was to grab a little bag in the hall. He found that it contained only a paint-box and a small book of his own sketches: neither food nor clothes. They caught the train all right. Niggle was feeling very tired and sleepy; he was hardly aware of what was going on when they bundled him into his compartment. He did not care much: he had forgotten where he was supposed to be going, or what he was going for. The train ran almost at once into a dark tunnel.

Niggle woke up in a very large, dim railway station. A Porter went along the platform shouting, but he was not shouting the name of the place; he was shouting *Niggle!*

Niggle got out in a hurry, and found that he had left his little bag behind. He turned back, but the train had gone away.

"Ah, there you are!" said the Porter. "This way! What! No luggage? You will have to go to the Workhouse."

Niggle felt very ill, and fainted on the platform. They put him in an ambulance and took him to the Workhouse Infirmary.

He did not like the treatment at all. The medicine they gave him was bitter. The officials and attendants were unfriendly, silent, and strict; and he never saw anyone else, except a very severe doctor, who visited him occasionally. It was more like being in a prison than in a hospital. He had to work hard, at stated hours: at digging, carpentry, and painting bare boards all one plain colour. He was never allowed outside, and the windows all looked inwards. They kept him in the dark for hours at a stretch, "to do some thinking," they said. He lost count of time. He did not even begin to feel better, not if that could be judged by whether he felt any pleasure in doing anything. He did not, not even in getting into bed.

At first, during the first century or so (I am merely giving his impressions), he used to worry aimlessly about the past. One thing he kept on repeating to himself, as he lay in the dark: "I wish I had called on Parish the first morning after the high winds began. I meant to. The first loose tiles would have been easy to fix. Then Mrs. Parish might never have caught cold. Then I should not have caught cold either. Then I should have had a week longer." But in time he forgot what it was that he had wanted a week longer for. If he worried at all after that, it was about his jobs in the hospital. He planned them out, thinking how quickly he could stop that board creaking, or rehang that door, or mend that table-leg. Probably he really became rather useful, though no one ever told him so. But that, of course, cannot have been the reason why they kept the poor little man so long. They may have been waiting for him to get better, and judging "better" by some odd medical standard of their own.

At any rate, poor Niggle got no pleasure out of life, not what he had been used to call pleasure. He was certainly not amused. But it could not be denied that he began to have a feeling of—well, satisfaction: bread rather than jam. He could take up a task the moment one bell rang, and lay it aside promptly the moment the next one went, all tidy and ready to be continued at the right time. He got through quite a lot in a day, now; he finished small things off neatly. He had no "time of his own" (except alone in his bed-cell), and yet he was becoming master of his time; he began to know just what he could do with it. There was no sense of rush. He was quieter inside now, and at resting-time he could really rest.

Then suddenly they changed all his hours; they hardly let

him go to bed at all; they took him off carpentry altogether and kept him at plain digging, day after day. He took it fairly well. It was a long while before he even began to grope in the back of his mind for the curses that he had practically forgotten. He went on digging, till his back seemed broken, his hands were raw, and he felt that he could not manage another spadeful. Nobody thanked him. But the doctor came and looked at him.

"Knock off!" he said. "Complete rest—in the dark."

Niggle was lying in the dark, resting completely; so that, as he had not been either feeling or thinking at all, he might have been lying there for hours or for years, as far as he could tell. But now he heard Voices: not voices that he had ever heard before. There seemed to be a Medical Board, or perhaps a Court of Inquiry, going on close at hand, in an adjoining room with the door open, possibly, though he could not see any light.

"Now the Niggle case," said a Voice, a severe voice, more severe than the doctor's.

"What was the matter with him?" said a Second Voice, a voice that you might have called gentle, though it was not soft—it was a voice of authority, and sounded at once hopeful and sad. "What was the matter with Niggle? His heart was in the right place."

"Yes, but it did not function properly," said the First Voice. "And his head was not screwed on tight enough: he hardly ever thought at all. Look at the time he wasted, not even amusing himself! He never got ready for his journey. He was moderately well-off, and yet he arrived here almost destitute, and had to be put in the paupers' wing. A bad case, I am afraid. I think he should stay some time yet."

"It would not do him any harm, perhaps," said the Second Voice. "But, of course, he is only a little man. He was never meant to be anything very much; and he was never very strong. Let us look at the Records. Yes. There are some favourable points, you know."

"Perhaps," said the First Voice; "but very few that will really bear examination."

"Well," said the Second Voice, "there are these. He was a painter by nature. In a minor way, of course; still, a Leaf by Niggle has a charm of its own. He took a great deal of pains with leaves, just for their own sake. But he never thought that that made him important. There is no note in the Records of his pretending, even to himself, that it excused his neglect of things ordered by the law."

"Then he should not have neglected so many," said the First Voice.

"All the same, he did answer a good many Calls."

"A small percentage, mostly of the easier sort; and he called those Interruptions. The Records are full of the word, together with a lot of complaints and silly imprecations."

"True; but they looked like interruptions to him, of course, poor little man. And there is this: he never expected any Return, as so many of his sort call it. There is the Parish case, the one that came in later. He was Niggle's neighbour, never did a stroke for him, and seldom showed any gratitude at all. But there is no note in the Records that Niggle expected Parish's gratitude; he does not seem to have thought about it."

"Yes, that is a point," said the First Voice; "but rather small. I think you will find Niggle often merely forgot. Things he had to do for Parish he put out of his mind as a nuisance he had done with."

"Still, there is this last report," said the Second Voice, "that wet bicycle-ride. I rather lay stress on that. It seems plain that this was a genuine sacrifice: Niggle guessed that he was throwing away his last chance with his picture, and he guessed, too, that Parish was worrying unnecessarily."

"I think you put it too strongly," said the First Voice. "But you have the last word. It is your task, of course, to put the best interpretation on the facts. Sometimes they will bear it. What do you propose?"

"I think it is a case for a little gentle treatment now," said the Second Voice.

Niggle thought that he had never heard anything so generous as that Voice. It made Gentle Treatment sound like a load of rich gifts, and the summons to a King's feast. Then suddenly Niggle felt ashamed. To hear that he was considered a case for Gentle Treatment overwhelmed him, and made him blush in the dark. It was like being publicly praised, when you and all the audience knew that the praise was not deserved. Niggle hid his blushes in the rough blanket.

There was a silence. Then the First Voice spoke to Niggle, quite close. "You have been listening," it said.

"Yes," said Niggle.

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Could you tell me about Parish?" said Niggle. "I should like to see him again. I hope he is not very ill? Can you cure his leg? It used to give him a wretched time. And please don't worry about him and me. He was a very good neighbour, and let me have excellent potatoes very cheap, which saved me a lot of time."

"Did he?" said the First Voice. "I am glad to hear it."

There was another silence. Niggle heard the Voices receding. "Well, I agree," he heard the First Voice say in the distance. "Let him go on to the next stage. Tomorrow, if you like."

Niggle woke up to find that his blinds were drawn, and his little cell was full of sunshine. He got up, and found that some comfortable clothes had been put out for him, not hospital uniform. After breakfast the doctor treated his sore hands, putting some salve on them that healed them at once. He gave Niggle some good advice, and a bottle of tonic (in case he needed it). In the middle of the morning they gave Niggle a biscuit and a glass of wine; and then they gave him a ticket.

"You can go to the railway station now," said the doctor. "The Porter will look after you. Good-bye."

Niggle slipped out of the main door, and blinked a little. The sun was very bright. Also he had expected to walk out into a large town, to match the size of the station; but he did not. He was on the top of a hill, green, bare, swept by a keen invigorating wind. Nobody else was about. Away down under the hill he could see the roof of the station shining.

He walked downhill to the station briskly, but without hurry. The Porter spotted him at once.

"This way!" he said, and led Niggle to a bay, in which there was a very pleasant little local train standing: one coach, and a small engine, both very bright, clean, and newly painted. It looked as if this was their first run. Even the track that lay in front of the engine looked new: the rails shone, the chairs were painted green, and the sleepers gave off a delicious smell of fresh tar in the warm sunshine. The coach was empty.

"Where does this train go, Porter?" asked Niggle.

"I don't think they have fixed its name yet," said the Porter. "But you'll find it all right." He shut the door.

The train moved off at once. Niggle lay back in his seat. The little engine puffed along in a deep cutting with high green banks, roofed with blue sky. It did not seem very long before the engine gave a whistle, the brakes were put on, and the train stopped. There was no station, and no signboard, only a flight of steps up the green embankment. At the top of the steps there was a wicket-gate in a trim hedge. By the gate stood his bicycle; at least, it looked like his, and there was a yellow label tied to the bars with NIGGLE written on it in large black letters.

Niggle pushed open the gate, jumped on the bicycle, and went bowling downhill in the spring sunshine. Before long he found

that the path on which he had started had disappeared, and the bicycle was rolling along over a marvellous turf. It was green and close; and yet he could see every blade distinctly. He seemed to remember having seen or dreamed of that sweep of grass somewhere or other. The curves of the land were familiar somehow. Yes: the ground was becoming level, as it should, and now, of course, it was beginning to rise again. A great green shadow came between him and the sun. Niggle looked up, and fell off his bicycle.

Before him stood the Tree, his Tree, finished. If you could say that of a Tree that was alive, its leaves opening, its branches growing and bending in the wind that Niggle had so often felt or guessed, and had so often failed to catch. He gazed at the Tree, and slowly he lifted his arms and opened them wide.

"It's a gift!" he said. He was referring to his art, and also to the result; but he was using the word quite literally.

He went on looking at the Tree. All the leaves he had ever laboured at were there, as he had imagined them rather than as he had made them; and there were others that had only budded in his mind, and many that might have budded, if only he had had time. Nothing was written on them, they were just exquisite leaves, yet they were dated as clear as a calendar. Some of the most beautiful—and the most characteristic, the most perfect examples of the Niggle style—were seen to have been produced in collaboration with Mr. Parish: there was no other way of putting it.

The birds were building in the Tree. Astonishing birds: how they sang! They were mating, hatching, growing wings, and flying away singing into the Forest, even while he looked at them. For now he saw that the Forest was there too, opening out on either side, and marching away into the distance. The Mountains were glimmering far away.

After a time Niggle turned towards the Forest. Not because he was tired of the Tree, but he seemed to have got it all clear in his mind now, and was aware of it, and of its growth, even when he was not looking at it. As he walked away, he discovered an odd thing: the Forest, of course, was a distant Forest, yet he could approach it, even enter it, without its losing that particular charm. He had never before been able to walk into the distance without turning it into mere surroundings. It really added a considerable attraction to walking in the country, because, as you walked, new distances opened out; so that you now had double, treble, and quadruple distances, doubly, trebly, and quadruply enchanting. You could go on and on, and have a whole country in a garden, or in a picture (if you preferred to

call it that). You could go on and on, but not perhaps for ever. There were the Mountains in the background. They did get nearer, very slowly. They did not seem to belong to the picture, or only as a link to something else, a glimpse through the trees of something different, a further stage: another picture.

Niggle walked about, but he was not merely pottering. He was looking round carefully. The Tree was finished, though not finished with—"Just the other way about to what it used to be," he thought—but in the Forest there were a number of inconclusive regions, that still needed work and thought. Nothing needed altering any longer, nothing was wrong, as far as it had gone, but it needed continuing up to a definite point. Niggle saw the point precisely, in each case.

He sat down under a very beautiful distant tree—a variation of the Great Tree, but quite individual, or it would be with a little more attention—and he considered where to begin work, and where to end it, and how much time was required. He could not quite work out his scheme.

"Of course!" he said. "What I need is Parish. There are lots of things about earth, plants, and trees that he knows and I don't. This place cannot be left just as my private park. I need help and advice: I ought to have got it sooner."

He got up and walked to the place where he had decided to begin work. He took off his coat. Then, down in a little sheltered hollow hidden from a further view, he saw a man looking round rather bewildered. He was leaning on a spade, but plainly did not know what to do. Niggle hailed him. "Parish!" he called.

Parish shouldered his spade and came up to him. He still limped a little. They did not speak, just nodded as they used to do, passing in the lane; but now they walked about together, arm in arm. Without talking, Niggle and Parish agreed exactly where to make the small house and garden, which seemed to be required.

As they worked together, it became plain that Niggle was now the better of the two at ordering his time and getting things done. Oddly enough, it was Niggle who became most absorbed in building and gardening, while Parish often wondered about looking at trees, and especially at the Tree.

One day Niggle was busy planting a quickset hedge, and Parish was lying on the grass near by, looking attentively at a beautiful and shapely little yellow flower growing in the green turf. Niggle had put a lot of them among the roots of his Tree long ago. Suddenly Parish looked up: his face was glistening in the sun, and he was smiling.

"This is grand!" he said. "I oughtn't to be here, really. Thank you for putting in a word for me."

"Nonsense," said Niggle. "I don't remember what I said, but anyway it was not nearly enough."

"Oh yes, it was," said Parish. "It got me out a lot sooner. That Second Voice, you know: he had me sent here; he said you had asked to see me. I owe it to you."

"No. You owe it to the Second Voice," said Niggle. "We both do."

They went on living and working together: I do not know how long. It is no use denying that at first they occasionally disagreed, especially when they got tired. For at first they did sometimes get tired. They found that they had both been provided with tonics. Each bottle had the same label: *A few drops to be taken in water from the Spring, before resting.*

They found the Spring in the heart of the Forest; only once long ago had Niggle imagined it, but he had never drawn it. Now he perceived that it was the source of the lake that glimmered far away and the nourishment of all that grew in the country. The few drops made the water astringent, rather bitter, but invigorating; and it cleared the head. After drinking they rested alone; and then they got up again and things went on merrily. At such times Niggle would think of wonderful new flowers and plants, and Parish always knew exactly how to set them and where they would do best. Long before the tonics were finished they had ceased to need them. Parish lost his limp.

As their work drew to an end they allowed themselves more and more time for walking about, looking at the trees, and the flowers, and the lights and shapes, and the lie of the land. Sometimes they sang together; but Niggle found that he was now beginning to turn his eyes, more and more often, towards the Mountains.

The time came when the house in the hollow, the garden, the grass, the forest, the lake, and all the country was nearly complete, in its own proper fashion. The Great Tree was in full blossom.

"We shall finish this evening," said Parish one day. "After that we will go for a really long walk."

They set out next day, and they walked until they came right through the distances to the Edge. It was not visible, of course: there was no line, or fence, or wall; but they knew that they had come to the margin of that country. They saw a man, he looked like a shepherd; he was walking towards them, down the grass-slopes that led up into the Mountains.

"Do you want a guide?" he asked. "Do you want to go on?"

For a moment a shadow fell between Niggle and Parish, for Niggle knew that he did now want to go on, and (in a sense) ought to go on; but Parish did not want to go on, and was not yet ready to go.

"I must wait for my wife," said Parish to Niggle. "She'd be lonely. I rather gathered that they would send her after me, some time or other, when she was ready, and when I had got things ready for her. The house is finished now, as well as we could make it; but I should like to show it to her. She'll be able to make it better, I expect: more homely. I hope she'll like this country, too." He turned to the shepherd. "Are you a guide?" he asked. "Could you tell me the name of this country?"

"Don't you know?" said the man. "It is Niggle's Country. It is Niggle's Picture, or most of it: a little of it is now Parish's Garden."

"Niggle's Picture!" said Parish in astonishment. "Did *you* think of all this, Niggle? I never knew you were so clever. Why didn't you tell me?"

"He tried to tell you long ago," said the man; "but you would not look. He had only got canvas and paint in those days, and you wanted to mend your roof with them. This is what you and your wife used to call Niggle's Nonsense, or That Daubing."

"But it did not look like this then, not *real*," said Parish.

"No, it was only a glimpse then," said the man; "but you might have caught the glimpse, if you had ever thought it worth while to try."

"I did not give you much chance," said Niggle. "I never tried to explain. I used to call you Old Earth-grubber. But what does it matter? We have lived and worked together now. Things might have been different, but they could not have been better. All the same, I am afraid I shall have to be going on. We shall meet again, I expect: there must be many more things we can do together. Good-bye!" He shook Parish's hand warmly: a good, firm, honest hand it seemed. He turned and looked back for a moment. The blossom on the Great Tree was shining like flame. All the birds were flying in the air and singing. Then he smiled, and nodded to Parish, and went off with the shepherd.

He was going to learn about sheep, and the high pasturages, and look at a wider sky, and walk ever further and further towards the Mountains, always uphill. Beyond that I cannot guess what became of him. Even little Niggle in his old home could glimpse the Mountains far away, and they got into the borders of his picture; but what they are really like, and what lies beyond them, only those can say who have climbed them.

"I think he was a silly little man," said Councillor Tompkins. "Worthless, in fact; no use to Society at all."

"Oh, I don't know," said Atkins, who was nobody of importance, just a schoolmaster. "I am not so sure: it depends on what you mean by use."

"No practical or economic use," said Tompkins. "I dare say he could have been made into a serviceable cog of some sort, if you schoolmasters knew your business. But you don't, and so we get useless people of his sort. If I ran this country I should put him and his like to some job that they're fit for, washing dishes in a communal kitchen or something, and I should see that they did it properly. Or I would put them away. I should have put *him* away long ago."

"Put him away? You mean you'd have made him start on his journey before his time?"

"Yes, if you must use that meaningless old expression. Push him through the tunnel into the great Rubbish Heap: that's what I mean."

"Then you don't think painting is worth anything, not worth preserving, or improving, or even making use of?"

"Of course, painting has uses," said Tompkins. "But you couldn't make use of his painting. There is plenty of scope for bold young men not afraid of new ideas and new methods. None for his old-fashioned stuff. Private day-dreaming He could not have designed a telling poster to save his life Always fiddling with leaves and flowers. I asked him why, once. He said he thought they were pretty! Can you believe it? He said *pretty!* 'What, digestive and genital organs of plants?' I said to him; and he had nothing to answer. Silly footler."

"Footler," sighed Atkins. "Yes, poor little man, he never finished anything. Ah well, his canvases have been put to 'better uses', since he went. But I am not so sure, Tompkins. You remember that large one, the one they used to patch the damaged house next door to his, after the gales and floods? I found a corner of it torn off, lying in a field. It was damaged, but legible: a mountain-peak and a spray of leaves. I can't get it out of my mind."

"Out of your what?" said Tompkins.

"Who are you two talking about?" said Perkins, intervening in the cause of peace: Atkins had flushed rather red.

"The name's not worth repeating," said Tompkins. "I don't know why we are talking about him at all. He did not live in town."

"No," said Atkins; "but you had your eye on his house, all the same. That is why you used to go and call, and sneer at him

while drinking his tea. Well, you've got his house now, as well as the one in town, so you need not grudge him his name. We were talking about Niggle, if you want to know, Perkins."

"Oh, poor little Niggle!" said Perkins. "Never knew he painted."

That was probably the last time Niggle's name ever came up in conversation. However, Atkins preserved the odd corner. Most of it crumbled; but one beautiful leaf remained intact. Atkins had it framed. Later he left it to the Town Museum, and for a long while "Leaf: by Niggle" hung there in a recess, and was noticed by a few eyes. But eventually the Museum was burnt down, and the leaf, and Niggle, were entirely forgotten in his old country.

"It is proving very useful indeed," said the Second Voice. "As a holiday, and a refreshment. It is splendid for convalescence; and not only that, for many it is the best introduction to the Mountains. It works wonders in some cases. I am sending more and more there. They seldom have to come back."

"No, that is so," said the First Voice. "I think we shall have to give the new region a name. What do you propose?"

"The Porter settled that some time ago," said the Second Voice. "Train for Niggle's Parish in the bay: he has shouted that for a long while now. Niggle's Parish. I sent a message to both of them to tell them."

"What did they say?"

"They both laughed. Laughed—the Mountains rang with it!"

J. R. R. T.

TWO AUGUSTAN STUDIES

I

THOMAS GRAY

"**G**RAY," declared Matthew Arnold, "with the qualities of mind and soul of a genuine poet, was isolated in his century. He never spoke out."* This article is chiefly concerned to examine the reasons which prompted Arnold's remark, and, secondly, to show that neglect of certain of Gray's poems has obscured the poet's Augustan affinities.

* *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, p. 92.

Explication of Arnold's dictum rests essentially on the meaning he attached to the word "soul", and on his estimate of eighteenth-century poetry; though perhaps it would be more accurate to say that there is rather one assumption than two, since the principle behind Arnold's appraisal of Augustan poetry flows directly from his conception of the place of the "soul" in the composition of poetry. "The difference between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this: their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits, genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul."* This statement of Arnold's is an interesting commentary on Mr. T. S. Eliot's contention that in the seventeenth century "dissociation of sensibility" set in, a divorce between thought and feeling. Opposed to this disintegration between thought and feeling is the poetry of Donne and the Metaphysical School with an important line of development through Jonson and the Caroline Court poets. It is characteristic of these poets that they "think through the senses", that in them we find in varying degrees a "unification of disparate experience": new wholes being constantly formed out of experience in the poet's mind.

The explanation of the disintegration of sensibility which Mr. Eliot commented on is complex, depending on an inter-relation between economic, social and cultural factors. Society at the time of the Restoration no longer exhibited a close association or connection between the poet as a focal point in the finest consciousness of the age and his environment. Although "civilization" may have been a key-word in the arbitration of taste in Restoration society, the moral shortcomings of that civilization gave it little chance of permanence. The emergence of the full Augustan code with its show of greater comprehensiveness provided a culture much more capable of endurance. The standard was now "the Gentleman"—as defined by the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. The "Gentleman" was also synonymous with the "Philosopher": Mr. Spectator was "ambitious to have it said of him that he had brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses".† Though it is hard to withhold admiration from the degree of comprehensiveness the Augustan code acquired, it is yet undeniable that its breadth was also shallow: its formula was impatient of certain expressions of cultural consciousness, and was yet too formidable in the amount of success it achieved, to permit those unsuited to its discipline to find their own idiom. Arnold was not wrong in feeling that there were defects in the eighteenth-century poetic tradition; he

* Op. cit., p. 95.

† The *Spectator*, No. 10.

erred in apportioning the blame and in failing to distinguish within the Augustan tradition the existence of more than one line of development.

To Arnold, Pope was the embodiment of the shortcomings of the eighteenth-century poetic tradition. He failed to see that the extraordinary receptiveness of Pope's sensibility enabled him to be at home within Augustan culture and yet on occasion to transcend it. The Pope of the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, the Fourth Book of the *Dunciad* and certain of the *Moral Epistles* reveals a subtle complexity by no means ill at ease with "correctness": he can be at once polite and profound; in fact an adequate response to the three poems just mentioned demands a flexibility from the reader which is strikingly similar to that required in reading Donne. Moreover, Pope's concern for the maintenance of social order, for an ideal of civilization in which "Art and Nature, Beauty and Use, Industry and Decorum, should be reconciled, and humane culture . . . be kept appropriately aware of its derivation from and dependence on the culture of the soil",* reveals an interesting affinity with Ben Jonson. Indeed, in the subtle complexity of ideas neatly played out across the underlining emphasis of the couplet, Pope is in the "Metaphysical" line of Wit.

There is, however, another Pope; the Pope of the *Eloisa to Abelard* poem, the Pope associated with the minor works of Milton, and with that strain of "meditative-melancholic" sensibility which was so assiduously cultivated in the eighteenth century. This side of Pope's poetry has little of the strength of that "serious relation to the life of its time" which marks his work in the *Elegy, Dunciad* and *Moral Essays*. Unfortunately Gray was mainly influenced by the weaker side of Pope's work—an unfortunate choice, but surely not one for which Pope himself must bear the chief responsibility; we shall see that Arnold's unfairness to Augustan poetry is the natural consequence of his insensitivity to the stronger side of Pope's work.

We must now explore a little further what Arnold seems to mean by "soul"; here his poem, *Palladium*, gives us an important clue, for we learn from it that Arnold's own "soul" dwelt by preference with Nature, "far from the daily scene and pre-occupations".

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll;
We visit it by moments, ah! too rare.

* See *Revaluation*, by F. R. Leavis, p. 80.

There is a significant similarity between the sentiment of Arnold's poem and that of Gray's *Elegy*—the appeal of the *Elegy* is essentially consonant with Arnold's own feeling for the "meditative-melancholic". Arnold, however, failed to appreciate the service rendered by the Augustan tradition in the *Elegy*: the very appeal of the poem's sentiment is mediated by the couplet, the precision and poise of the metre paradoxically reinforcing the poignancy of the poem's emotional content. Dr. Leavis has pertinently remarked that "the positive Augustan in him enables Gray to achieve a strong conventionality; his churchyard meditations have, as it were, social substance; his commonplaces are weighted by the idiom of a literary culture that laid peculiar stress on the normally and centrally human as manifested on the common-sense social surface of life".

Arnold's charge, then, that Gray's poetic potentiality was stifled by Augustan standards can be retorted back upon him: so far from suffering from isolation from true poetic standards Gray would probably have benefited from intelligent assimilation of what Pope could have taught him. When, too, we examine Gray's poetry as a whole it would seem that just as there are two Popes—the Pope of the Fourth Book of the *Dunciad* and the Pope of *Eloisa to Abelard*—so there are two Grays, each of them species within the Augustan genus; there is the Gray associated with the strong Augustan line, with the Pope of the *Moral Essays* and the *Dunciad*, and the Gray of the meditative-melancholic sensibility, closely related to the eighteenth-century Miltonic school. It has already been remarked that the strength of Gray's *Elegy* lies in its skilful blending of Augustan taste and social decorum with the poem's meditative-melancholic content; apart, however, from the *Elegy* there are interesting hints in the admittedly fragmentary remainder of Gray's poetry that his sensibility and technique might have reached quite impressive distinction within the stronger tradition of Augustanism; but this distinction was thwarted by the more powerful attraction of "soft-ey'd melancholy" and by the desire to echo Milton's "deep-ton'd shell" rather than the subtle counter-point of Pope's *Dunciad*.

In the *Stanzas to Mr. Bentley* Gray speaks with half-envious admiration of the designs Bentley had produced for some of Gray's poems. He wishes his verses had the force of Bentley's work:

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

Two interesting points may be noted in the lines we have just quoted: Gray's preference for Dryden (Gray's "Pindarics" can be paralleled in Dryden), and the recognition that "energy" is a characteristic of Pope's work. This second point is perhaps the more interesting, for, although "energy" is not a term which can be applied to the meditative-melancholic elements in Gray's poetry, there are, however, scattered stanzas in his "occasional" poems of a satiric character which show curious affinities with Pope's satire. The ironic interrogation to be found in the following lines from Gray's *Hymn to Ignorance* has a distinction comparable to that of the *Dunciad*; there is certainly "energy" here:

If any spark of Wit's delusive ray
 Break out, and flash a momentary day,
 With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
 And huddle up in fogs and dangerous fire.

Though the accent here may be closer to Dryden than to Pope the adversative collocation of "damp, cold touch" and "dangerous fire" recalls Pope's idiomatic expression of "Metaphysical wit".

In *A Sketch of his own Character* Gray speaks of himself as one who "could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd"; as though in illustration of Gray's capacity for *saeva indignatio*, the poem immediately following in the *Muses' Library* edition contains a biting reflection on ecclesiastical subservience. This poem was printed long after Gray's death; it was written underneath a drawing made by "one of Gray's particular friends, 'placid Mr. Tyson of Benet College', of the Rev. H. Etough, a converted Jew, a man of slanderous and violent temper, who had climbed into high preferment in the Church of England":

Thus Tophet looked: so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
 Whilst frightened prelates bow'd and called him friend;
 I saw them bow, and, while they wish'd him dead,
 With servile simper nod the mitred head.
 Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
 Blush'd as she bless'd her griesly proselyte:
 Hosannahs rang through hell's tremendous borders,
 And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

Gray may have thought little of this piece, but at least on this occasion "he spoke out"—perhaps as effectively as Dryden, Pope or Byron would have spoken in the same circumstances. There is more than personal spleen in Gray's poem; the satire is weighted with exasperated concern at the violation of the fundamental proprieties of the Established Church.

In view of Gray's expressed admiration for Dryden it would be rash in so slight an essay as this to attempt to align him with Pope rather than Dryden, yet the suggestion may not be unsound. In the poem *Impromptu* ("said to have been suggested by a view of the late Lord Holland's house at Kinsgate, in Kent, in 1766. The house was then falling to ruin") there is evidence of a concern for the foundations of society comparable both in comprehensiveness and sharply contrasted concepts with Pope's *Moral Essays*. There is certainly something of Pope's use of emphasis and economy in Gray's abrupt transition from the formal declamation of his opening stanza with its suggestion of leisured and stately retirement to the starkness of wind-swept ruins. Nor does it seem merely fanciful to see in the stanza which we are about to quote a complication of ideas behind the term "Nature" which associates Gray with Pope the Metaphysical. In the third stanza which follows we may surely claim the attribute of Wit (acutely described by Dr. Leavis as a "qualifying, seasoning element") for Gray's ironic juxtaposition of "natural" and "mimic" desolation:

Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes, new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had Bute been true,
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's Bradshaw's friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had bless'd our view,
And realised the beauties which we feign:

"Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's."

It may by now have been sufficiently illustrated that Gray was aware of more virile standards than those of the meditative-melancholic; he may even be said to have produced good work in the stronger Augustan line. Yet the impression persists that the

bulk of his poetry is not in the tradition of Pope, and in this connection it is significant that the Bentley poem we have already quoted ends with this reflection (Mason, Gray's friend and literary executor, tells us that the one MS. copy is torn and that he has "endeavoured to supply the chasm"):

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast,
My lines a secret sympathy [impart:]
And as their pleasing influence [flows confess,]
A sigh of soft reflection [heave the heart.]

The weakness of the meditative-melancholic tradition was its failure to bring into its poetry the full vitality of the age. In Gray's case, however, the quotations given above seem to show that the poet "could speak out" if he chose to do so, and that it was within his power to make his poetry a good deal more than the elegant expression of "soft reflections". The responsibility for his failure to live consistently on the level of his best work cannot fairly be laid—as Arnold argued—on the tradition of Dryden and Pope. That tradition, so far from being an inhibiting influence, was, in its measure, a source of strength.

II

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

An examination of Peacock's five principal novels—*Headlong Hall* (1816), *Melincourt* (1817), *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), *Crotchet Castle* (1831), *Gryll Grange* (1860)—supports the opinion that the aims and nature of his work are characterized by the persistence of eighteenth-century standards. This is not to deny that he is stamped also with the mark of the nineteenth century, but his work is critical of the opinions and standards of that century to a marked degree, and the criteria he employs are rooted in the eighteenth-century. In his Preface to *Gryll Grange* Peacock declares that the main subjects for discussion in his novels had been the "progress of the intellect", "the march of the mind", "the higher tone of morality", "the vast diffusion of education", and "the choice of the unfit by competitive exams.". These were the catchwords during the first half of the nineteenth century, a time when "nothing was too monstrous for human credulity". Peacock's material then was drawn from his own day, but the principles by which this subject-matter is evaluated belong essentially to the eighteenth century.

To take a minor point first, it is significant how close to

eighteenth-century notions is Peacock's conception of the nature and function of the novel. Sterne will serve as an example: it is almost astonishing to many people today that *Tristram Shandy* should ever have been immensely popular; to the average novel-reader of the present day Sterne's novel seems without either plot or point and almost endlessly dull. Yet a wide and homogeneous reading public in Sterne's day was prepared to give *Tristram Shandy* the complex response it demands. Sterne's public was prepared to take some trouble for its pleasures, and the function of the novel was recognized as something more than amusement—"to polish the heart and head". Intelligent discussion of matters of general cultural importance formed an essential part of the eighteenth-century novel: it is also a predominant characteristic of the novels of Peacock. In Peacock, however, conversation is double-edged, its function being mainly, though not usually, overtly, satirical: what would have been unacceptable as homiletic monologue is passed off by a sleight-of-hand as dialogue. Peacock thus secured an outlet for certain criticisms of contemporary society, and satisfied in this way conversational impulses no longer realizable within the conventions of his own day. For in Peacock's day social custom offered fewer opportunities for the intelligent discussion of central questions of living. Smollett's *Humphry Clinker* gives some indication of what had been lost: Matthew Bramble's satisfaction at adding Lismahago to the Bramble-Lewis conversational coterie reflects a contemporary social custom.

In his novel *Headlong Hall* Peacock refers to the deterioration of the novel and the reading public in his description of Miss Philomela Poppyseed, "an indefatigable compounder of novels, written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice". The collapse of the standard of reviewing is illustrated by Miss Philomela's "dear friends Gall and Treacle, under whose fostering patronage she had been puffed into an extensive reputation, much to the advantage of the young ladies of the age, whom she taught to consider themselves as a sort of commodity to be put up at public auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder". Further criticism of the disintegration of fiction and the reading public is given in Mr. Flosky's (= Coleridge) contemptuous reference to "that part of the reading public which shuns the solid food of reason for the light diet of fiction, (and which) requires a perpetual adhibition of 'sauce piquante' to the palate of its depraved imagination". To take "all the mean and sordid qualities of a money-dealing Jew, and tack on to them, as with a nail, the quality of extreme benevolence, is to produce a very decent hero for a modern

novel; and to contribute to the fashionable method of administering a mass of vice, under a thin and unnatural covering of virtue, like a spider wrapt up in a bit of gold leaf, and administered as a wholesome pill".

These passages are clearly indebted to that "idiom for common standards of taste and conduct" which was first articulated in the *Spectator* and assimilated by the line of novelists running from Richardson to Scott and Jane Austen.* The quotations from Peacock have certainly a marked similarity with the following extract from the *Spectator*, No. 245:

"... If there can be any use in these papers, it is this: that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. . . . The Virtuous and the Innocent may know in speculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the snares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reasonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated."

With his hatred of humbug and his firm adherence to the centrality of the Augustan code, Peacock has much in common with Johnson, whose contempt for cant and insistence on the empirical when confronted with specious Idealism is paralleled in Peacock's exposure of false Political Economy and pseudo-Kantianism. Equally traditional in the best Augustan sense is Peacock's insistence on agriculture and village community life as the sound bases of a well-ordered country. "A healthy and industrious peasantry," he says, is "the best portion of the national population." In *Melincourt* a "cottar town" is described. It had been founded by one who "estimated his riches, not by the amount of rent his estate produced, but the number of simple and happy beings it maintained. He divided it into little farms of such a size as were sufficient, even in indifferent seasons, to produce rather more than the necessities of the cultivators required". The same speaker goes on to say that 'in estimating the power and the riches of a country, I take my only criterion from its agricultural population'. Here Peacock may have been influenced by Cobbett, who was some twenty years older than the novelist. There is something here too of Wordsworth's "human naturalness" whose roots were likewise in the eighteenth century. Both men share a certain essential sanity and normality, and despite the satire heaped on Wordsworth as "Mr. Paper-stamp" in *Melincourt*, Peacock had considerable sympathy with what is best in Wordsworth's work.

* See *Fiction and the Reading Public*, by Q. D. Leavis.

Peacock's exposure of the specious assumptions behind such shibboleths as "the progress of intellect" usually takes the form of a refutation of the argument that Industrialism means Progress. In *Headlong Hall* Mr. Foster the Perfectibilian paints a glowing picture of the advantages to be derived from "the manufacturing system when purified from some evils which necessarily attend it". Escot the Deteriorationist retorts: "You present to me a complicated picture of artificial life, and require me to admire it. . . . Profound researches, scientific inventions: to what end? To contract the sum of human wants? to teach the art of living on a little? to disseminate independence, liberty, and health? No; to multiply factitious desires, to stimulate depraved appetites, to invent unnatural wants, to heap up incense on the shrine of luxury, and accumulate expedients of selfish and ruinous profusion. Complicated machinery: behold its blessings . . . its victims have neither the corporeal energy of the savage, nor the mental acquisitions of the civilized man. . . . They are mere automata, component parts of enormous machines which administer to the pampered appetites of the few, who consider themselves the most valuable portion of the state, because they consume in indolence the fruits of the earth, and contribute nothing to the benefit of the community."

The "higher tone of morality" as expounded in the Reviews—Peacock gives direct quotations from the *Edinburgh*—is mercilessly satirized. Escot states his objection to "periodical" criticism on the grounds that it "disseminates superficial knowledge, and its perpetual adjunct vanity; that it checks in the youthful mind the habit of thinking for itself; that it delivers partial opinions" and so forth. To this Mr. Mac Laurel replies that morals are merely a matter of relativity: "amang the pheelosopers of Edinboro', it is na admetted that there is any sic thing as desenterestedness in the world". Hence the comfortable complacency of an absconding banker in *Crotchet Castle*: "I have always taken scientific views of morals and politics, a habit from which I derive much comfort under existing circumstances."

The most elaborate account of the "negation of principles" with which Peacock taxes the Reviews is put into the mouth of Mr. Vamp (= Gifford of the *Quarterly*). Vamp declares that "though morals are not much in demand among our patrons and customers, and will not do, by any means for a standing dish, they make, nevertheless, a very pretty seasoning for our politics, in cases where they might otherwise be rather unpalatable and hard of digestion. As to the existence of corruption (we call it 'persuasion in a tangible shape'), we do not wish to deny it, but as to the inference that it ought to be extinguished—that is the

point against which we direct the full fire of our critical artillery". When an attempt is made to reason with Vamp against his want of principle ("as if the conviction of general right and wrong had any influence with him") he cuts his opponent short by declaring that the logic from which his (Vamp's) opinions were drawn "had presented itself to him in a much more tangible shape than any abstract notions of truth and liberty". Later on in the same book, *Melincourt*, the following statement made by one of the characters is taken verbatim from the *Edinburgh* No 53, p. 10: "The gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues is perhaps too common an occurrence to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation." Finally, with significant though unconscious irony, Mac Quedy in *Crotchet Castle* describes the status of the Review as being that of neither a board nor a society, but "a mere intellectual bazaar, where A, B, and C bring their wares to market".

Contemporary education among the upper classes comes in for incisive satire: "When Scythrop grew up, he was sent, as usual, to a public school, where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him; and he was sent home like a well-threshed ear of corn, with nothing in his head." This epigram, it may be remarked in passing, is often fathered on Sir Max Beerbohm—it would be interesting to investigate Peacock's influence on such writers as "Max", Oscar Wilde, and Aldous Huxley. The dinner-table conversation in *Crotchet Castle* may well have given hints to Wilde, who is known to have pillaged the wit of others on occasion, while the ethico-satirical character of many of Huxley's novels has obvious affinities with Peacock.

In *Crotchet Castle* Mac Quedy maintains that the human mind is "one and the same everywhere. . . . Locality and education make all the difference". Peacock's own view of the matter is presented by Dr. Folliott: "I hold that there is every variety of natural capacity from the idiot to Newton and Shakespeare; the mass of mankind, midway between these extremes, being block-heads of different degrees; education leaving them pretty nearly as it found them, with this single difference, that it gives a fixed direction to their stupidity, a sort of incurable wry neck to the thing they call their understanding." The doctor concludes with the Johnsonian remark: "Education can give purposes, but not powers"; this is met with the retort: "No, sir, education makes the man, powers, purposes, and all."

The emptiness of Science without wisdom is stressed in this passage from *Melincourt*: "The collective stock of knowledge which is the common property of scientific men necessarily

increases, and will increase from the circumstance of admitting co-operation of numbers; but collective knowledge is as distinct from individual mental power as it is confessedly unconnected with wisdom and moral virtue, and independent of political liberty." Some forty years later, in *Gryll Grange*, the author, so far from retracting these views, sees them only the more confirmed: Lord Curryfin, we are told, "was readily taken in by novelty in doctrine, and followed a new lead with great pertinacity; and in this way he had been caught by the science of panto-pragmatics, and firmly believed for a time that a scientific organization for teaching everything would cure all the ills of society". And our day has brought further confirmation of Peacock's acumen—witness the recent correspondence in *The Times* on the subject of "Brains and Character".

The quotations already given show clearly enough where Peacock's own standards and convictions lie, and now that so many of the opinions he criticized have been refuted in the course of time by their own inherent inconsistency and want of principle, the accuracy of Peacock's criticism is manifest. It remains now for some account to be given of his quality as a writer. His merit is rather that of a first-rate publicist than of a great novelist, and it would seem that the reason for this is not that Peacock is deficient in plot or character-drawing, for these were not within his purpose, but that, unlike another critic and satirist of contemporary manners and shoddy thinking, Edith Wharton, Peacock fails to "dissolve his general ideas into his particular material". In no sense, to borrow another remark from Q. D. Leavis, are his novels "saturated solutions", but rather organized discussions within a loose conversational framework. His symbols—the Perfectibilians, Stato-Quo-ites, Scientists, Poets and Philosophers—are not fully "realized", but are rather animated speculations tacked on to convenient types. This is not to deny the value of his work, nor its cleverness and point, but as a value-judgement it does suggest that Peacock was not an artist like Jane Austen or Mrs. Wharton.

Comparison between Peacock and Jane Austen illuminates both writers; to begin with Peacock first, we note what seems to have been his profession of faith as a satirist. This occurs in *Melincourt*, where Forester declares that "the object of moral censure is reformation, and its proper vehicle is plain and fearless sincerity". Caricature, Peacock says in *Crotchet Castle*, was a thing abhorrent to his candour. We may concede Peacock the honours of "plain and fearless sincerity", but at times his sympathy and insight are conquered by prejudice and he cannot be acquitted of grossly unfair caricature. Thus whatever is to

be said about the later Wordsworth, the account given of him in *Melincourt* as Mr. Paperstamp hardly rings true.

For all its vigour, too, Peacock's satire is often dangerously near to burlesque—it is significant that most of his epigraphs are taken from *Hudibras*. Peacock's general method is to insinuate, under the cover of a thinly-disguised public figure, a *reductio ad absurdum* of that personage's opinions, so that someone is made to advance an argument which is immediately seen to be self-refuting. The humour on these occasions is often due to awareness the speakers have of the enormity of their statements, so that we have the topsy-turvy situation in which virtue is solemnly advocated by unblushing vice. This is often effective in a hearty rollicking way, but the effect has often a crudeness more compatible with farce than satire. Flosky, for instance, is made to declare that "his transcendental reputation would be ruined if knowledge of his having given information on any subject were discovered". Here it is difficult not to feel that Peacock's ridicule is superficial. Real satire is more subtle, preferring exposure from within, so that whilst the victim swells with ironic self-importance it hastens its own deflation. This last remark brings us to Jane Austen: in her best work art and satiric purpose are organically one. Her characters or symbols exist in their own right, and yet obey the design in which they are placed. The behaviour of the characters she is at pains to satirize may appear at one moment sweetly reasonable, and then without abrupt transition we are made to see a lurking affectation or abnormality. It has been said of Edith Wharton that "her last page is latent in her first", and this remark is equally applicable to Jane Austen. It is unthinkable of Peacock's work, which is nearly always helter-skelter. His technique is curiously like that of a debater: there is the same keen perception of telling points and rapidity in seizing on those of the other side which can be made to seem ridiculous by merely quoting them.

There is, moreover; a curious insistence on "bumpers" and good food as the one common measure of agreement when discussion has split up into multiple disagreement. As an occasional device for finishing off arguments which have grown too long, this *reductio ad necessitatem communem* is not without point, but its repetition suggests a certain coarseness of sensibility rather than an intelligently thought-out symbol. The classic culmination of this foible is given in Dr. Opimian's advice: "Whatever happens in this world, never let it spoil your dinner; . . . alleviate every ill with wine and song." It may not be too fanciful to see in this oddly-stressed panacea a defect in Peacock's critical approach to life: for all his clear-

sighted appraisal of what his age had lost and what it needed again for its essential balance and health, there is a certain obtuseness or rather readiness to leave off worrying which suggests a half-conscious compromise with Philistinism. If his roots are in the eighteenth century they support a certain amount of unpruned rank growth of the break-up of the Augustan age. Peacock's importance, it would seem, is that of a polemical pamphleteer rather than that of an artist.

DOM HILARY STEUERT.

THE QUESTION OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

THE fundamental principle of English foreign policy is the maintenance or creation of *stability* in Europe. Instability sooner or later means war, and because of her peculiar insular position, which makes England of Europe but not in it and which is also paradoxically the cause of her strength, war almost anywhere on the Continent is liable to threaten her vital interests. In the past the menace has always been that a great land Power should obtain secure and permanent possession of the Low Countries, but today, when England's lifelines extend all over the world and upon every sea and ocean, the Mediterranean, or even the Baltic under the control of a strong and hostile country, would equally constitute a threat to England's existence. This policy of achieving stability in Europe used to be called the Balance of Power, and the idea has become somewhat discredited since it has been confused with the division of Europe into two hostile camps, each armed to the teeth and awaiting an apparently inevitable struggle. But in reality the coalitions have only been called into being because the balance has already been upset, in order to redress it and thus return to stability. For these reasons it has always been to England's interests that there should be a strong state in central and eastern Europe in order to avoid the danger of the differences among the multiple and inextricably tangled peoples of this zone being exploited by some great Power outside it. In the past this has meant that England, generally speaking, supported Austria. Palmerston, for instance, called it "something worth preserving", while Castlereagh told Princess Lieven rather picturesquely that "we regard her [Austria] as the pivot of Europe, and our shoulder is always ready to

support her. We are like a lover whom she will always find waiting for her."

The Dual Monarchy in practice, of course, had a number of serious drawbacks. The supremacy of the two "master peoples" meant that the Slavs, particularly the Czechs, were a discontented minority. Nevertheless, none of the faults of the Empire was beyond redemption, and even after the last war it was certainly still to England's interest to see a strong Austria, reconstituted on a new federal basis, in a position to resist Germany's drive eastwards. One reason why the men who made the Treaty of Trianon decreed the disruption of Austria was undoubtedly the fact that it had fought on the side of Germany during the war, but, even so, Mr. Lloyd George had shown himself willing, during the negotiations conducted by Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parme between the Allies and the young Emperor Charles, to envisage an Austria which was not only virtually intact but also extended in area. Again, if one compares the treatment accorded to the Prussianized Reich, which was, after all, the chief enemy, and recognizes that it was stripped of comparatively trifling territories, it is apparent that some other reason was operative. This reason was, of course, the determination of the Slav Minorities in the Dual Monarchy (which meant, in effect, the Czechs) "to destroy Austria-Hungary", as one of their leaders, Dr. Benes, then a young man, had urged in the title of a pamphlet during the war. The Czechs were far from being "brutally oppressed" by the Austrian authorities; they were then, as they still are, very largely, a nation of civil servants, and it was this combination of the denial of full rights and the absence of systematic persecution which caused a revolution among a discontented but unrepresed population. Czech opposition to the Habsburgs was to some extent inherited: the wars against the Hussites and the battle of the White Mountain had left bitter memories. But it was the great Czech historian Palacky who first said that "if Austria did not exist it would be necessary to invent it". Even Masaryk in his early days is supposed to have had some hope of reaching a *modus vivendi* with the Monarchy, whereby the Czechs would constitute a third, Slav group in a federalized state. According to Mr. Wickham Steed, he only finally abandoned this hope in about 1910, but there are one or two pertinent objections to this theory which inevitably suggest themselves. It is true, of course, that there was little hope of effecting any fundamental change during the lifetime of Franz-Joseph, but the Emperor was already an old man and could not be expected to live much longer. His heir, Franz-Ferdinand, who was murdered at Sarajevo, on the other hand, was a violent

opponent of the Magyars (the principal enemies of the Czechs) and wished to change "Dualism" into "Trialism" by creating a Slav state centred on Prague. His nephew, the Archduke Charles, who was the next heir and eventually succeeded Franz-Joseph, shared his views without having in his character the elements which made his uncle unpopular. And, indeed, at the end of the war, when it was too late, he promulgated a federal constitution which would have solved the problem, in outline at least, had it come ten years earlier. There are reasons, therefore, for doubting if Masaryk's supposed desire to collaborate with the Habsburgs was ever really sincere, since he abandoned it at the time when there was every apparent hope that his ideas would be shared to a large extent by the heir to the throne whose succession could not long be delayed. Another factor must be taken into account: Masaryk and the other leaders of his group (Dr. Benes in particular) were members of the international secret society, the Grand Orient, one of whose avowed aims was the overthrow of the Habsburg Monarchy, and the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand was its consistent enemy. His accession would therefore have involved the possible complete suppression of the Grand Orient and also the removal of the Czechs' chief grievance, without which it would have been far more difficult to disrupt the Habsburg Monarchy. How far Masaryk consciously reasoned on these lines it is, of course, impossible to say, but that they affected him to some extent is far more probable than the thesis that he suddenly abandoned hope of reform in the Dual Monarchy at a time when it seemed imminent. And even if Masaryk himself remained impervious to the attractions of personal ambition, the same cannot be said of his followers, and it is difficult to imagine some of them, to put it mildly, ever being in favour with the Habsburgs even if the latter had set up a Czech state: and this is not necessarily a condemnation of the Habsburgs.

The reasons which led the Allied Powers to consent to the dismemberment of Austria are diverse. Italy had always desired it. President Wilson no doubt found it necessary in order to conform with his own vague idealism, hatred of "militarism" and "imperialism" and his principle of self-determination. Mr. Lloyd George's opportunism had happily led him to recognize the importance of the Emperor Charles's peace offer, at a time when the French under Ribot were apathetic, but his ignorance of Europe in general and his dislike of Catholic Powers in particular ensured his support for the destruction of Austria. Clemenceau had an even more active dislike of Catholicism, being himself a free-thinker, and he was therefore only too

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glad to see it. Thus the possibility of reconstructing a strong anti-Prussian Power in central eastern Europe was destroyed. It is true that Austria had been the ally of Germany, but in the past it had always been the consistent opponent of Prussia, and it was only drawn into Prussia's orbit by Bismarck's skill and finesse after Sadowa. Austria was ready to revert to her old policy. The Emperor Charles had done his best to free himself from the continually heavier yoke of his ally, and in March 1917 had written: "We cannot fight any longer for the King of Prussia." The fact that Austria had become dominated by the Prussianized Reich was in reality only one more reason for strengthening and liberating it so that it could play its old part as a counter-weight to Germany. It was imperative in 1919 as it is today, from the point of view of both England and France, to have a strong state organization in that part of Europe, and although today the arguments for the re-establishment of the Habsburg Monarchy are not so strong as were the arguments in 1919 for its maintenance on a new and reformed basis, a federation of some sort is absolutely necessary, both for the security of the Western Powers and for that of the peoples concerned. It is the thesis of this article that the existence of Czechoslovakia in its old form (particularly under the leadership of Dr. Benes) is a menace to this project and therefore to the security of this country, of France, and of the nations of the Middle Zone (as it has been called). Furthermore, the Czech state failed in certain important respects to fulfil its pledges to its Minorities, especially the Slovaks, while Dr. Benes's government cannot be considered as possessing the legality ascribed to it. In a word, the Czechoslovakia of the years between the wars exists neither *de facto* nor *de jure* and its re-creation would be a disaster for all Europe, including England.

This does not mean, naturally, that the Czechs should be reduced to the status of a subject people. On the contrary, they have an important part to play within a larger confederation whose members must be placed upon a basis of equality. But the present policy of the Czechs, under Dr. Benes, is diametrically opposed to anything of the sort. It is obvious that it was the lack of solidarity in the Middle Zone which enabled Germany to play off one small Power against the other and exploit the differences between them to its own advantage, but Dr. Benes has not taken the lesson to heart. "It should prove fatal," the Swedish journalist Mr. Avid Fredborg has written recently in his book *Behind the Steel Wall*, "if, for instance, Herr Benes should succeed in leaving his mark on the reorganization of Central Europe. He is one of those who have learnt and forgotten nothing."

'There is no need for Czechoslovakia to change anything in her old policy. She has merely to continue to follow the same, democratic, Slavic, and national aims as before,' wrote Benes recently in an article." But in fact, ever since its beginning, Czechoslovakia, under the baneful influence of Dr. Benes, has divided the Middle Zone into two hostile camps. In an area where reconciliation between victor and vanquished was imperative, the existence of the Little Entente militated against even the possibility of it, and Czechoslovakia was undoubtedly the mainspring of the Little Entente. Dr. Benes was, and is, fanatically anti-Habsburg, because he feared that a Habsburg restoration in any part of the Dual Monarchy would menace his new state. It would, he said, "constitute an extreme danger to the existence of the Czechoslovak Republic". Consequently all wider interests have been sacrificed. Dr. Benes has continued the Pan-Slav policy which, as long as Russia was Tsarist, was dubbed reactionary, but, now that Russia is Communist, is considered progressive in the extreme. "In the forties of the last century," writes Stalin in his *Problems of Leninism* (p. 47), "Marx supported the national movement of the Poles and the Hungarians against the national movement of the Czechs and Southern Slavs. Why? Because the Czechs and Southern Slavs were then reactionary nations, Russian outposts in Europe, outposts of imperialism, whereas the Poles and Hungarians were 'revolutionary nations' fighting against absolutism." Czechoslovakia is still a Russian outpost, still an outpost of imperialism (which today is Communist, not Tsarist), still a bad European inviting the interference of a non-European Power for its own petty interests but to the detriment of the rest of Europe. It has been so ever since the Czech Republic was founded. In 1920, when Poland seemed on the point of succumbing to the advancing armies of Trotsky and all Europe was threatened, the Czechs not only sent no assistance to their beleaguered neighbour, but prevented the Hungarians from sending troops across their territory, and they even took advantage of Poland's embarrassment to settle the Teschen dispute in their own favour. There were, no doubt, faults on both sides, and the Poles were undoubtedly unwise to have retaliated at the time of Munich, but nevertheless it was the Polish Government in exile which first recognized Dr. Benes's Committee as the Czechoslovak Government, and entered into negotiations with it in order to form a federal union between the two peoples. The preliminary treaty then signed gave some grounds for hope that the old quarrel was ended, but when, in the spring of 1943, Russia broke off diplomatic relations with Poland, the Czechs followed suit for no

apparent reason, and this rebuff was not rendered more palatable by the regrets they expressed at the time nor by Dr. Benes's more recent exhortations to Poland to join the Russo-Czech alliance, which is, in fact, an insuperable obstacle to any solid federation between the peoples of the Middle Zone themselves. Moreover, Prague under Dr. Benes was a centre for all the subversive forces in Europe, the Third International, the Grand Orient, Ukrainian terrorist associations which murdered any prominent Ukrainian who wished to come to an agreement with the Poles, atheistic conferences, and, of course, the notorious Czech schism in the Catholic Church, which fortunately came to nothing. In short, Czechoslovakia has been consistently a bad European.

Dr. Benes's policy does not commend itself to all the Czechs, and Mr. Osusky, whose pro-Polish views are well known, is opposed to it. The late Dr. Hodza, a Slovak who was for a time Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, also had far clearer vision than Dr. Benes. His "Danubian plan", by which six states of the Middle Zone were to come to an economic understanding, was a revival of the plan put forward by Lammash before the collapse of the Habsburg Empire. Unfortunately, his policy was stultified, and his efforts on behalf of a Polish-Czechoslovak federation have now apparently suffered the same fate. The Left Wing paper *Tribune* (August 27, 1943) noted his friendship for the Poles with annoyance. It is worth quoting his ideas here, because they are in such glaring contrast to those of Dr. Benes and the rest of his Committee. "A new Central Europe," he wrote, "comprising a federation of its free nations, has to share all the pains of a new Europe which has to emerge out of blood and toil and suffering like all great achievements and political settlements." He looked for support from this country, and held that the fact "that Britain's interest in small nations served only British power policy", so far from being an argument against it, "offers a welcome guarantee that British interest in small nations is a strong foundation upon which small nations . . . will continue to be able to construct their own policy with reassuring feelings of security". There is all the difference in the world between looking for support to a Power outside the Middle Zone like Britain, which has, and can have, no territorial ambitions therein, and looking for support to a great Power whose interests are best served by disruption and division within the zone.

Apart from these considerations—the menace constituted by the existence of the Czech Republic in its old form to its neighbours and the sabotage of all attempts to heal the divisions

between them—there is the further question of the internal unity of Czecho-Slovakia. The chief point to grasp is that the Minorities were not so much actively persecuted as deprived of the rights guaranteed to them at the birth of the new state. Dr. Benes promised at the Peace Conference that Czecho-Slovakia would be a “new Switzerland”, but one never hears of Minorities in Switzerland, only of Swiss who happen to speak different languages, and this fact alone reveals the gap between the promise and its practical application in Czecho-Slovakia. The inclusion of the Sudetenland can, of course, be entirely justified on security grounds, but the question of the Slovaks is a very different one. At the Peace Conference Dr. Benes pretended that the two peoples were practically identical. For example, he told the Council of Ten that “Slovakia had at one time formed part of the Czecho-Slovak state. It had been overrun by the Magyars at the beginning of the tenth century”, while in a memorandum called “The Territorial Claims of the Czecho-Slovak Republic”, he spoke of “Slovakia, violently torn away from the Czechs several centuries ago, and artificially separated from Bohemia”. Even if one is to accept as decisive ephemeral events of over nine hundred years ago, there is still no evidence that the “Great Moravia” founded by Sviatopluk in about 830 ever went beyond Moravia in the east. Yet Benes was capable of saying that “the population still felt Czech, and wished to belong to the new state. There was never any suggestion of separation in Slovakia. The same language, the same ideas, and the same religion prevailed.” When this statement is examined, it is found to be a complete misrepresentation of the facts. The Slovaks are almost all fervent Catholics, whereas the Czechs, although reclaimed for the Church by the Counter-Reformation, have always retained to a certain degree the influence of Hus. The Slovaks are violently opposed to the notion that their language is simply a dialect of Czech, which the Slovak Father Bernolak called “the Hussite tongue”. The question of separation is discussed below. It only remains to record the following absurdities perpetrated by Dr. Benes. “Austro-Hungarian dualism in 1867 first separated Czechs and Slovaks” and “this division of the two branches of the Czecho-Slovak nation has existed only since the second half of the nineteenth century, and has produced quite insignificant differences”. This is almost completely untrue. Slovakia was for centuries part of the Crown of St. Stephen and its economic affinities are still with Hungary rather than Bohemia, however much the Slovaks may have welcomed their release from the Magyar yoke. No wonder that Dr. Benes admitted later that his memoirs contained “many

errors of fact", though one can hardly agree that they had no influence on the Peace Conference, as he pretended!

In spite of all the attempts of the Czechs to prove that one united "Czechoslovak" people exists, it is impossible not to recognize the separate entity of the Slovaks, and an appreciation of the real relations subsisting between the two peoples is therefore necessary. The first steps towards the creation of Czechoslovakia were taken in America by Masaryk, who induced the American Slovaks, by promising Slovakia autonomy, to agree to a union of the two peoples. This was known as the Pittsburg Pact and was signed in May 1918. But although it was clearly binding upon the Czechs, it can hardly be said to be equally so upon the Slovaks, since it had been signed by emigrants and not representatives of the Slovaks in Europe. Again, the first Czechoslovak Government in Prague on 11 November, 1918, recognized Masaryk's signature as binding upon the Czech state during the revolutionary period (when the Pittsburg Pact was signed). Yet the Pact was repudiated by the Czechs, and the Slovaks were never granted political autonomy. Furthermore, when the Czechoslovak constitution was voted, Slovakia was occupied by a Czech army. Father Hlinka, the Slovak leader, was imprisoned and Dr. Benes himself was returned as an alleged "representative" of the Slovaks! The Slovaks were told by Prague that they were "not ripe for self-government", and in spite of the protests of their leaders and of the American Slovaks, Slovakia became part of the Czech *lebensraum*. The Czech bureaucracy was unduly large, as can be seen in the figures of the increase of Czech numbers in Slovakia from 7468 in 1910 to 71,733 in 1921 and 120,926 in 1930, mostly caused by an influx of officials from the nation of civil servants! The Czechs used censors, police agents, and other unpopular methods. The Slovaks were regarded as potential traitors, and when Tuka, the Vice-President of the Peoples' Party, wrote on 1 January, 1928, that the Slovaks had the right after ten years to reconsider their position he was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The National Party was suppressed by Prague, Father Hlinka was ignored, the Czechs tried to destroy separate Slovak language and culture, and although the Slovaks paid from 15 to 18 per cent of the taxes, their firms received only 5 per cent of the Government's contracts. It is hardly to be wondered that Father Hlinka, the leader of the Peoples' Party, declared amid cheers at a mass meeting at Nyitra on 13 August, 1933: "There are no Czechoslovaks. We want to remain just Slovaks. Out with the Czechs!"

These facts become the more disconcerting when Dr. Benes's
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remarks to the State Council on 3 February, 1944, are recalled. He said that "his visit to the U.S.A. had convinced him that the Slovak problem, the problem of the Germans, and that of Sub-Carpathian Russia were considered as *internal questions* of Czechoslovakia herself". It might be thought that Dr. Benes had learnt his lesson, but, on the contrary, he now makes no pretence about establishing a "new Switzerland". "It can be taken for granted," he said in a speech in March 1944, "that the Czechoslovak Republic after the war will be a national state, and the problem of national Minorities will be solved differently from the way it was tackled after the last war." In the same speech he made definite threats to carry out a purge. "There will be no Fascist adventurers in Czechoslovakia. It is a matter of principle for us to take decisive steps against all who had indulged in Fascist ideas of any kind and to mete out punishment to every Fascist traitor and collaborator. I myself will insist upon this, because from the point of view of our history this is a fundamental problem. . . . It will be necessary to cleanse the Republic of guilty citizens, German, Czech, or Slovak—*even if there were hundreds of thousands of them.*" The term "Fascist traitors" can obviously be interpreted in a very wide sense indeed, and it seems not improbable that Dr. Benes's return will be followed by an outbreak of civil war and a reign of terror, denunciation, and vendetta.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Dr. Benes is the reverse of representing the Slovaks, and enjoys the support of only part of the Czechs. Furthermore, his constitutional position is extremely unsound, and his claim to be considered President of Czechoslovakia is a very weak one. Dr. Benes became President of Czechoslovakia in 1935 after the death of Masaryk. On 5 October, 1938, he resigned from office and has never since been re-elected. Undoubtedly it was the results of Munich which led him to take this decision, but whether this is the same as "German pressure" is quite a different matter. On 5 November, 1938, he wrote to the Prime Minister, General Syrovy: "I deem it necessary to draw a conclusion from the new situation and retire from my office . . . in order to facilitate a further sound internal and external development of our state and nation." On 10 November, 1938, he wrote to his successor as President, M. Hacha, a letter beginning "Mr. President", of which the following is noteworthy: "I wish the Republic and you that your election should in these hard times bring success . . . the fact that at home all united to vote for you only accentuates what I say. I wish that your new function should be successful." And Benes signed a public telegram of 16 March, 1939, as "the former President of the Czechoslovak Republic".

Meanwhile, "the Czechoslovak Republic" had ceased to exist. The Slovaks had seceded and established their own state, which was recognized *de jure* and *de facto* by Poland, Yugoslavia, and the U.S.S.R. among the United Nations, and also by Germany, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Spain, and the Holy See (which, as is well known, is always scrupulous in its observance of international law and usage). It was also recognized *de facto* by France and England, while since the war began Sweden and Switzerland have accorded it full recognition and Turkey *de facto* recognition. It is true that the separation of Slovakia served German interests at the time (though not very vital ones), but it is equally true that it took place in accordance with the wishes of the Slovaks themselves.

Dr. Benes has therefore no support today among the Slovaks, and his position as regards the Czechs is only less insecure. In the speech of 3 February quoted above, he demanded a "revolution", and this will have done little to increase his popularity. "There must be at home a great popular revolutionary warfare," he said. "There is no such thing as one revolution at home and another abroad. There is only one united and common movement of liberation." At the time of Dr. Benes's visit to Moscow the Association of Czech Youth staged a demonstration against him in Prague, and even if it be argued that this was brought about by German propaganda or pressure, the same cannot be said of the Czech Bishops' pastoral letter issued on 5 December, 1943, which was hostile to his policy and obviously aimed at him. The fact is that although the presence of Monsignor Stamek as Premier in the Czech Committee in London affords it, to some extent, a cloak of respectability in Catholic eyes, an important post like the Ministry of Education is held by the anti-clerical Professor Patzak. When Sir Archibald Southby raised the question of Dr. Benes's constitutional position in the House of Commons on 27 April and asked the Foreign Secretary, "Is not my right hon. friend aware that Dr. Benes is not in fact President of Czechoslovakia, he having abdicated himself?" Mr. Eden could only reply rather lamely: "That is not the position which His Majesty's Government take up."

Another indication of the size of Dr. Benes's following in Czechoslovakia is afforded by the lack of response to the appeal for a rising which he made in March. The Czechs are, in fact, one of the most, probably absolutely the most, collaborationist people in Occupied Europe. "Some time ago," Mr. Kenneth de Courcy wrote in the *Review of World Affairs*, "the rather small underground movement was betrayed to the enemy by a gross indiscretion," and it has certainly shown little sign of life since.

According to the same source (April issue), "Quite a number [of Czechs] are now actually serving in the German forces, viz. in the 5th and 8th Jaeger Divisions, the 18th Motorized Division, and the 81st, 122nd, 225th and 290th Infantry Divisions." Bohemia is now well within range of Allied bombers in Italy; it has always been one of the most important industrial areas in Occupied Europe, and evacuation of German factories has made it more so, yet apart from an isolated raid on Pilsen months ago it has been untouched from the air. This is the more disconcerting because there is no sabotage to speak of among the Czech population.

For these reasons the Allies appear to have no obligation to lend their support to Benes's Committee. It is apparent from the foregoing that ever since he became Secretary-General of the Czechoslovak National Council in Paris in June 1916 Benes has exercised a sinister influence upon European affairs. The revived existence of Czechoslovakia as previously constituted (though not, of course, the existence of the Czech people) would raise an insuperable obstacle to the creation of a federation in Europe's Middle Zone, which is necessary for the happiness of the peoples concerned, for the final halting of Germany's *Drach nach Osten* and for the security of England's vital interests. It would indeed be fatal if Dr. Benes exercised any influence upon the future of Central Europe. For the good of all, the Czechs must abandon their own narrowly selfish plans and take their place within a wide federation. Only thus can the divergent interests of Czechoslovakia and Europe be reconciled.

R. ARNOLD JONES.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Berkeley's Commonplace Book. Philosophical Commentaries, generally called the Commonplace Book. By George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne. Edited by A. A. Luce, M.C., D.D., Litt.D. Pp. xlii+486. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 1944. Three and a half guineas.)

At last we have an edition of the *Commonplace Book* which inspires full confidence. A magnificent edition it is too, and a joy to the eye long harassed by the compulsory austerity of the greater part of wartime book production.

The *Commonplace Book*, of which the manuscript is now in the

British Museum, was first published in Campbell Fraser's edition of Berkeley in 1871. Fraser, however, confesses that "here and there Berkeley's writing is almost obliterated and difficult to decipher", and many of his readings are unreliable. He even took certain intentional liberties with the text, "omitting a few repetitions of thought in the same words". Theodor Lorenz was able to make a number of emendations and, in the *Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie* of 1905, to point out that the manuscript consisted of two note-books bound together, of which the first in the volume appeared to be the later in time of composition. Hence Fraser had printed the entries in the wrong order. Hecht's German translation follows Lorenz's views, while Gourg's French version follows Fraser, and Rossi's Italian is given a new and systematic arrangement.

Prof. G. A. Johnston's edition, published in 1930, was the first English text to take Lorenz's investigations into account, and it claimed to be based on a new collation of the manuscript. But this seems to have been inadequately performed, and many errors of transcription were pointed out, both by Prof. R. I. Aaron in *Mind* (October 1931 and April 1932) and by Prof. A. A. Luce in *Hermathena*. Since, therefore, there was still no completely satisfactory edition, Luce's present enterprise is a welcome contribution to philosophical scholarship.

Luce prints the text page by page as it appears in the manuscript, with exact indications of all Berkeley's erasures and additions, so that we can follow the development of thought as if we had the manuscript itself in front of us. He follows Lorenz's general order by putting the second note-book before the first, but gives what seem to be convincing reasons for rejecting the additional conjecture of Lorenz and others that the last few pages of the second note-book were filled in after the first. His precise transcription and explanation of Berkeley's marginal signs are another advance on previous editors.

As far as the date is concerned, Luce agrees more or less with Aaron (*Mind*, October 1931) that the jottings were made in 1707-8. He suggests, also, without asserting dogmatically, that they are not so much notes for books to be written later as thoughts for the correction of already existent manuscripts which were afterwards worked up into the *New Theory of Vision* and the *Principles of Human Knowledge*. He argues for this from the comparative maturity of the notions expressed and from the extremely brief and staccato character of the remarks, which, he says, would be unintelligible unless they presupposed an existing composition. These arguments are not perhaps as strong as Luce thinks; there must be many writers who do not begin to commit themselves to paper until their views are fairly completely formed in their minds, and a writer's rough notes are often fully intelligible to himself when they would convey nothing at all to

anyone else. Luce's hypothesis remains possible, but there is little positive evidence for it. It should be noted, too, that his new title of *Philosophical Commentaries* becomes wholly appropriate only on this hypothesis, although he is right in saying that Campbell Fraser's title of *Commonplace Book* suggests something less original than these preparatory jottings for Berkeley's very individual system.

The scholar will not, of course, need to be convinced that it was worth while to take all this trouble with Berkeley's early note-books, but the amateur, recalling two familiar Limericks and remembering vaguely that Berkeley "denied the reality of the material world", may perhaps wonder whether he deserves quite so much consideration. The answer is that not only is he an important link in the history of English philosophy but that he is not in reality so paradoxical a thinker as he is popularly made out to be. Although in some directions he was singularly blind, what he did see he saw and expressed with exceptional clarity and vigour.

Honest John Locke, while keeping as close as he could to common sense, had produced a regrettably muddled system. He accepted in principle the doctrine of representative ideas, but the ideas of the secondary qualities turn out in the end not to represent anything, and the reasons that he gives for supposing the ideas of the primary qualities to resemble external objects are far from carrying conviction. He retained the notion of substance, but reduced it to an inert substratum without intelligibility or relation to experience. Berkeley, with a mind swifter and quite fearless of consequences, rejected this notion of substance out of hand. That left him with "ideas", and he saw clearly that original mental contents were not representations of anything non-mental. Although he preserves the term *idea*, there is no trace in him of the fallacious doctrine of representative ideas. The sense-qualities, then, belong to the sphere of mind, and, regarding extension as no more than a property of visual and tactile sensations, although, as he was to insist in the *New Theory of Vision*, distinct in each, Berkeley concludes that both primary and secondary qualities are subjective. Their existence is to be perceived. Berkeley's new principle begins by anticipating the position of Hume, as we see in an entry in the *Commonplace Book* (Luce 580, Johnston 586): "Mind is a congeries of Perceptions. Take away Perceptions and you take away the Mind; put the Perceptions and you put the mind."

But, as Luce has excellently shown in an article on "Development within Berkeley's *Commonplace Book*" (*Mind*, January 1940), we can follow him in his notes gradually reaching out towards something less inadequate. The mind, rejected as a Lockian substratum, comes back again as the active principle of thought and will! "I must include Understanding and Will, etc., in the word Spirit, by which I mean all that is active. I must not say that the Understanding differs not from

the particular Ideas, or the Will from particular Volitions" (Luce 848, Johnston 860). This new positive conception of spirit enables Berkeley at the same time to take a less paradoxical view of the material world as permanent and independent of our minds because permanently present to and dependent upon the mind of God.

This, while it is probably unnecessary to state that it is not all that we mean by the material world, is nevertheless a sufficient part of it to be worthy of an eminent thinker. No theist is going to deny that the material world could not exist without being an object of the divine thought; he will only want to add that this is not because matter is intrinsically unintelligible without being an object of mind, but because God is creative thought. At any rate, Berkeley deserves an honourable place in the history of modern philosophy for having transcended the doctrine of representative ideas and for having implicitly restored the notion of substance as active subject.

Moreover, there is an attraction in the personality of Berkeley, with his decisiveness and candour. This is enhanced by the very touch of ingenuousness which gave him confidence that his new principle would remove "the chief causes of error and difficulty in the sciences, with the grounds of scepticism, atheism and irreligion", and which, in his old age, led him to mingle philosophical profundities with an apostolate on behalf of the virtues of tar-water. The *Commonplace Book* is an essential clue to his early development, and Prof. Luce's edition enables us for the first time to study it as Berkeley composed it. Our only regret must be that no modern editor will ever be able to elucidate completely that baffling reference to the "story of Mr. Deering's Aunt".

D. J. B. HAWKINS.

The Catholic Schools of England and Wales. By H. O. Evennett.
(Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.)

In making this contribution to the *Current Problems* series, Mr. Evennett has performed a notable service to all those, whether Catholics or not, who are interested in education. To a succinct and cogent summary of the reasons for the existence of the Catholic schools, and a plea for their fair treatment by the state, he adds a very readable, historical account of the three main types of Catholic school, elementary, secondary and boarding. Within the limits he has set himself he has achieved a rare feat of comprehensiveness and compression. It should be noted, however, that the author does not profess to treat the girls' schools on the same scale as the boys', but he recognizes the heavy preponderance of the former and pays the highest tribute (who would not?) to the work of the teaching nuns. He finds space to touch on the impact of the Catholic schools on the Universities, though there is no mention of the work of Catholics in

adult education. He is not quite correct, by the way, in speaking of the Catholic women undergraduates at Cambridge as, numerically, "a handful". Their numbers are now over twenty and last year were only three less. And Lady Margaret House, Cambridge, is not a hostel (which would not be allowed by the University) but a pre-University House of Studies.

Perhaps to Catholics Mr. Evennett's most valuable pages are those in which he discusses some of the peculiar domestic problems inseparable from the Catholic approach to education, for in a present willingness to face the facts lies the best hope for a somewhat uncertain future.

One such problem is that of the lay teacher. The role of the Church in education is, as Mr. Evennett puts it, "a direct consequence of her mission to expound the full Christian truth".

It is natural that clergy and religious should educate the Church's children; natural, too, that the share of the laity in this task should have increased with the expansion of education, so that in elementary schools lay teachers are a majority and a large minority in secondary schools. It is often impossible for a bishop to spare enough priests from parochial work to staff a diocesan school without the layman, and difficult to find all the qualified specialists required for efficient teaching among clergy and religious.

"We should have an entirely wrong picture of the Catholic schools," says Mr. Evennett, "certainly of most of the boys' schools, if we were to forget that a very substantial part of the teaching, and some of the very best teaching, too, is done by lay masters. . . ." But, as he says, the lay master "is essentially a stop-gap, however long he may stop". Nowadays, his post is less often than formerly regarded as a method of filling in the interval until the member of the Order can take his place. The layman is a financial "liability to the Order of which it will be relieved as soon as he is replaced by one of their own members". But to use him as a "stop-gap" is to expose him to social insecurity which may be a wholesome stimulus to business enterprise, but is the worst possible poison for the teacher, since it forces him to acquire the mind of a careerist in practising what the Catholic at any rate should regard as a vocation. Moreover it needs some finesse to discover how the "stop-gap" system can avoid the charge of requiring the lay teacher either to refuse or to betray the responsibilities of marriage and family. And a further source of insecurity is the practice which still obtains in some schools of making the master's agreement personal to the particular headmaster so that a change of head may mean dismissal or a cut of salary. Mr. Evennett has much to say of the poor financial rewards offered to the Catholic layman on the staff of Catholic secondary and public schools. No housemasterships and few headmasterships are open to him. His salary is often

less, perhaps much less, than he could earn in a non-Catholic school; and it might be added in many instances that at the end of his working life he has no pension. Yet many men and women do in fact make the financial sacrifice and are happy to do so, to serve the Church and to live and work in a Catholic atmosphere.

So attractive indeed are Catholic schools that many non-Catholic teachers find their way to them and leave them with reluctance. This fact raises another question; for, as Mr. Evennett puts it, Catholic education demands that "Catholic schools be staffed with Catholic teachers conscious of the apostolic side of their work and that a Catholic atmosphere, religious, social and intellectual, be fully and continuously maintained". In this respect the secondary and public schools fall far short not only of the ideal but of the elementary school standard. Although non-Catholic teachers have loyally and efficiently served the cause of Catholic education, the exception is sure to recur, and history, for example (to the present writer's knowledge), has been taught by a non-Catholic teacher using a non-Catholic textbook coloured with usual anti-Catholic prejudice. Indeed, history is a subject so near to the heart of the matter that the increasing body of competent Catholic historians might profitably consider the school text-book and might thus oppose the pressure of national and economic materialism far more effectively than by any number of books or articles addressed to grown-ups. Catholic schools employ non-Catholics and sometimes even non-Christians primarily for lack of Catholics. Some Catholic teachers, on the other hand, prefer to teach in non-Catholic schools, and it might be well from every point of view to attract them into schools of their own faith. The question will become more urgent if the suggested syllabus of Christian education is adopted. But even the complete absorption of Catholic teachers, if it were possible, would probably not remedy the shortage, let alone meet the requirements of the Butler Act. In the supply of lay teachers, Catholic schools suffer one inevitable disadvantage in comparison with others, which is clear enough if we reckon the part played by parsons' sons and schoolmasters' sons in the English public school during the last century, and the leaven of boys from that kind of home with its plain living and academic tradition. The expensive Catholic school has a smaller proportion of poor boys (who are always good for a school standard) and the well-to-do parent may be pardoned for not pressing the claims of a profession that offers a salary lower than that of his head clerk.

The present writer ventures the following three suggestions towards a remedy for the lack of teachers:

First and least important, salaries and pensions in independent schools should be brought as nearly as possible into line with the non-Catholic school of average grade. Without endowments and

with many generous concessions to parents, Catholic schools could not hope to compete with the large additions to the Burnham scale offered by the larger public schools; but they might generally reach the level adopted by the British public. The Association of Lay Teachers (not "Mistresses", as Mr. Evennett gives it) has introduced a form of agreement in Convent Schools which provides that no secular teacher employed at the same school for five consecutive years shall be dismissed to allow replacement by a religious. The agreement is made with the governing body, not the headmistress, and is therefore not terminable at the end of the headmistress's period of office. Boys' schools might copy this agreement. There seems no reason why this admirable Association, as Mr. Evennett says, should not extend its membership to men teachers.

More important is the question of status. Theoretically, the lay teacher in a Catholic school resembles the Catholic Irishman of the eighteenth century: officially, he can hardly be said to exist; in actual fact he is very much in evidence. It becomes therefore a question of truth. What is this man entrusted with so much of the intellectual well-being of Catholic children? Does the Church regard his function as teacher, or only his livelihood as man? The answer could be found with a little clear and disinterested thinking, and his status settled in terms of his function so as to ensure a quality and to give him a standing which at present is left to individual caprice. A Catholic society should be equal to the task of recognizing and establishing a guild or association of Catholic teachers for some other end than that of "collective bargaining".

The third and most important suggestion is the fostering of vocations to teaching. In Pope Pius XI's Encyclical *Divini Illius Magistri*, he wrote: "Indeed it fills our soul with consolation and gratitude towards the divine Goodness to see, side by side with religious men and women engaged in teaching, such a large number of excellent lay teachers. . . . All these labour unselfishly with zeal and perseverance in what St. Gregory Nazianzen calls 'the art of arts and the science of sciences', the direction and formation of youth. . . . Let us then pray the Lord of the harvest to send more such workers into the field of Christian education; and let their formation be one of the principal concerns of the pastors of souls and of the superiors of religious orders." In due time we may hope to see great results accrue from a general following of the Holy Father's lead. Foremost among the clergy and religious who have taken this injunction seriously to heart must be reckoned our late revered Cardinal. His biographer tells us that Cardinal Hinsley had for the teaching profession a reverence akin to his respect for the priesthood; he held that the teaching profession was a vocation and that teachers ranked next to priests and religious. Moreover, to use the Cardinal's words:

"God does not fail to reward superabundantly those who help Him in His work; and He has promised a special reward to true teachers: 'They who instruct many unto justice shall shine as the stars in heaven for all eternity.' "

W. H. WOOLLEN.

Soul of Russia. By Helen Iswolsky. (Sheed & Ward. 10s. 6d.)

WHAT is the soul of a country? Unless we are prepared to lose ourselves in speculation on the so-called collective psyche the term seems difficult to justify and nine times out of ten those who employ it in this connexion have nothing significant to tell us. Miss Helen Iswolsky, in her excellent book on Russia, uses it with more justification than most. In what she describes as "a work of love more than a work of scholarship" she gives us "an outline of Russia's spiritual history". Nothing is more necessary for those who are trying to understand the apocalyptic days in which we live and nothing is more completely absent from the mass of writing, oscillating between an uncritical condemnation and an even more uncritical adulation, which has been thrust on the world in the last few years.

The greater part of it is irrelevant to the purpose for which it is designed, which is political. Foreign policy is not concerned with the souls of countries, but with their geography, politics, and economics. The reasons which make it necessary for us to have a political understanding with France in no way require that the average Englishman should profess an admiration for French ways of thought, or for French poetry, which is a closed book to him. Similarly our political relations with Russia will have nothing to do with any supposed affinity of the Slavonic soul with our own. They are a matter of policy and may depend upon men who are in no way representative of the soul of their country.

Let us then leave politics alone as Miss Iswolsky does and consider Russia as a problem in psychology—the study of the soul, if we are to use words rightly—or perhaps a problem in international psychiatry. It is not an isolated one. There never were any isolated problems, but we are living in a period of history in which the inter-relations are more than usually apparent. Just as the evangelical preacher will seize any text in the sacred scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse and find in it "the plan of salvation", so you may start with Hitler, Stalin, Nietzsche, Jung or Freud, wherever you will, and arrive at the same two or three compelling problems.

Miss Iswolsky recognizes this at the outset. Russia's spiritual destinies as she sees, "are at stake together with the destinies of the whole world. She is taking part in a universal conflict." What is the central problem of Russia, as it emerges from any history? It is, of course, a conflict, and is usually presented as a conflict between East

and West. But that is not a specifically Russian problem. It presented itself to the whole of Europe when Spengler wrote his *Niedergang des Abendlandes* and Massis replied with *Défense de l'Occident*. Europe and Asia, as Sir Bernard Pares acutely observes, are not two continents geographically but one, divided by an idea, "and the idea has nothing to do with geography, only with civilization".

But Europe is not integrated. Integration is not of this world and human history in its most significant aspect is the eternally defeated attempt to achieve it. Western thought, swinging between philosophies of the intellect and philosophies of the will, is reacting to the same opposites as Russia, pulled East and West. The tension has always existed, but in this century it has reached the breaking-point. Neither East nor West has been able to control its buried energies. Since the middle of the last century every prophetic soul has seen the crash coming. Nietzsche—probably the most finely sensitive mind of the nineteenth century—broke under the strain. "The gigantic catastrophes that threaten us," said Jung, twelve years ago, "are not elemental happenings of a physical or biological kind, but are psychic events. We are threatened in a fearful way by wars and revolutions that are nothing else but psychic epidemics. At any moment a few million people may be seized by a madness and then we have another world war or a devastating revolution."

When Rome recalled the West to the study of St. Thomas, it was a call to Europe to find herself. The principles which lay at the very root of her civilization were threatened by a rising tide of anti-intellectual dynamism which was to end in the mists of relativity and the intellectual suicide of scepticism. Whether the West can save itself is a still unanswered question, but it is in the West that any principle of coherence alone resides.

Nothing could be further from the truth than to say that Christianity is an Eastern religion. It had its origin in the East, but its development is of the West, and it is the recurring error of protestantism in its myriad forms to try to get past Rome to Jerusalem. All this has been perceived from time to time by thoughtful Russians. If there were no other argument for Catholicism, it could take its stand on the sterility of Eastern theology cut off from the source of life. The tragedy of Russia is that her contacts with the West should have been made at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Miss Iswolsky may be right, though one doubts it, in saying that the Slavonic liturgy assisted in the rapid spread of religion among the people; she is certainly right in deplored the consequences to cultural life of a lack of contact with the common language of civilization, Latin. By the time Peter the Great opened the windows on the West, the West had suffered the wounds of the Reformation and what the Russian *intelligentsia* absorbed was not the surviving culture of Christian Europe.

but the superficialities of Voltairianism. We can sympathize with the reactionary cry that the West is poison when we see what, in practice, it has meant down to the last grim experiment in Marxism—the ready-made application, in the words of Sir Bernard Pares, of undigested theory to a country to which it was peculiarly ill-suited.

Yet the remedy is not to renounce the West. Hitler may talk of driving Russia beyond her asiatic frontiers, but his conception was as faulty as his strategy. There is no room for such ideas if "God hath made of one blood all races of men". East and West are good, but the East is incomplete as Judaism is incomplete. That Western influences have in fact poisoned Russia is true for *corruptio optimi pessima*. It is equally true that Russia can be poison for Western man. He can "go Russian" as he can "go bush". The disintegrating effect of orientalism is seen in a psychology which is content with relativity and "becoming" and a psychology which stops short at analysis. Miss Iswolsky is one of a long train of thinkers who have seen where the soul of Russia can find its fulfilment.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

The Clue to Pascal. By Emile Caillet. Pp. 128. (S.C.M. Press. 6s.)

A LEARNED and sympathetic analysis of Pascal's religion written by a distinguished French scholar cannot but be interesting, and especially if the author, like Professor Caillet, was once a Catholic and is now a Protestant. This fact is, I believe, Professor Caillet's real clue to Pascal. He gives little time or space to the mathematician, the man of letters, the man of this world or even to the controversy which evoked the *Lettres Provinciales*, but leads his story of Pascal's interior life swiftly to the point at which emerges full grown "the most holy, most intelligent, the least scholastic and the most audacious Catholic student of the Bible and the most reverent before the Sacred Word who ever lived under God's great sky". All the time we are aware that the road is leading thither; and when we arrive "we have waited for this point," says Professor Caillet, "to justify our drawing so liberally from the *Pensées* in the course of our chapters. In a way, a biographical study of Pascal would provide an excellent basis for a classification and an interpretation of the *Pensées*, according to a psychological method. All true psychology for Pascal has its starting point in religion. Viewed in this light, the *Pensées* would then reveal their Biblical structure: they constitute the mirror of a life lived and meditated more and more in the light of Scripture." Biography—psychology—Scripture, that is not only the exactly appropriate order for an interpretation of Pascal, but the Protestant order of thinking about life and religion—even about Christ. Yet Pascal was a Catholic. When at the end Professor Caillet quotes Pascal's will "imploring the intercessions of the glorious Virgin Mary" and comments that "never

was a Roman Catholic nearer evangelical Protestantism nor farther away", he does most justly conclude that "in this supreme antinomy is summed up for us the secret of Pascal and of his anguish". He was a man divided against himself. That is the secret of his fascination for readers who cannot appreciate his geometry or share his faith, the secret also of his exaggerated emphasis on one aspect of St. Augustine who alone of the doctors of the Church survived the Reformation with enhanced authority over Protestant minds since in him they could see the marks of a struggle and a conversion. That was why Pascal shared with Protestants an intense devotion to the Old Testament and to St. Paul, for in both he found a "body of this death" from which man seeks an almighty deliverance. He is of Milton's generation; he too is aware of

the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow black and deep.

He is the Catholic nominalist, with that isolated devotion which flourished in the fertile decadence of scholasticism, whose faith might move mountains, might be an ecstasy, an anguish, a heroism, a blasphemy, a poem, a madness—anything you will except a reality. When Pascal says that "God established that supernatural order *quite contrary* to the order which should be natural to men in the things of nature", "that the truths of the Christian religion are *absolutely opposed* to our pleasures", we remember that the speaker is a man of "im-placable coherence", of a sincerity that burns at white heat and wonder which of these "contraries", these "absolute opponents" is real to him—as we do with Milton. We are driven to answer, neither. He cannot believe in this world. All his life he is striving to believe in the other. And the intensity of his striving after the supernatural is evidence that it eludes him. This man of unremitting charity always finds so much to hate. He who says the *libido excellendi* is contrary to the spirit of Christianity is entirely dominated by it, and catches its accent of contempt. Submissive as a child, yet he is always fighting not the Jesuits so much as the weak human thing they shepherded and he despised, always arguing and throwing his swift and passionate thoughts into the form of a "vindication". No wonder men never tire of reading him. He is great enough to embody the anguish of post-Christian Christendom.

Thus what Professor Caillet offers as a clue is perhaps rather a simplification. The Puritan would have found nothing partial or unbalanced in the teaching that "Jesus Christ did nought but teach men that they were lovers of themselves, that they were slaves, blind, wretches, sinners; that He needs must free them, enlighten them, bless and heal them; that that could be done by hating oneself and by following Him through the suffering and death of the Cross"; that

"without the Scripture which has only Jesus Christ as its object, we know nothing and see only darkness and confusion in the nature of God and in nature herself". Calvin, who was also a Frenchman and the son of a lawyer, speaks with a similar accent—reduces the individual to a corrupt and isolated clot and then demands of him a self-abnegation possible only to heroic sanctity, conceives "nature" as an intolerable paradox which apparently the incarnate Word entirely failed to resolve and "grace" as a sheer omnipotence that supplants not perfects nature. To such rigorism the Catholic would answer, Why should I hate what Christ loves? Did He quench the smoking flax? And if Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, how is it that He found no more appropriate medicine for them than a book which most are too illiterate to read, and all *ex hypothesi* too corrupt to understand? And he would go on in the clamour of eager tongues to charge the Puritan with using human speech to describe a deity in the semblance of a devil. He will call Jansenism a "monster". But Pascal was a Catholic. He adored the Blessed Sacrament. "Blaise saw the holy ciborium shining: his glance rested on the whiteness of the sacred Host, where he knew his Saviour was present in His glory . . . for it is in this Catholic context that one must read that burning page of the night of 23 November, 1654, and the 'submission to Jesus Christ and to my director' in which it culminated." A Catholic bred in a Catholic home, in the heart of a Catholic civilization, immemorially great with Catholic piety and tradition—and he speaks like a convert just received, excited and uncertain and selfconscious with the passage.

So, Professor Caillet's clue is not really a clue so much as a luminous exposition of half the paradox. The real clue, he dismisses lightly in a sentence or two. But Pascal himself states it with almost every accent of passion and implies it on almost every page. "I am not tied to any community or any person whatsoever." An appalling thing to be able to say even in religious controversy. He said it anonymously to Father Annat, the King's confessor. And it was true. Pascal inspired devotion, poured out prayers and charities, befriended and admired others and in return was befriended and reverenced. But he had no friends, no fellows. He would have nursed a baby for the love of God, but not for love of the baby. His humility was prouder than Corneille: his self-abnegation dominates his readers to this day. We do not read the Summa in order to understand the peculiar genius of its author, or *Macbeth* for an insight into Shakespeare. But Pascal is himself the hero of the *Pensées* and of the *Provinciales*. Biography—psychology—Scripture. For Pascal's readers, that is the order of significance. The clue, then, is egoism, titanic, sublime. When he speaks of the greatness and despair of man, he is really confronting his own greatness and his own despair. When he speaks of divine grace it is Blaise Pascal's experience of divine grace that he has in mind, and

sewn even into the lining of his coat. That is why his sentences, like lightning, blast and illuminate at once, why Voltaire called him a sick man, why we go back to him again and again—not to find the plain truth about God or man but to see Pascal wrestling with God and with himself, as only Pascal could. For nominalism and egoism are two aspects of the same fact. And the answer to them both is not the "audacity" or even the "reverence" with which a man may search the Scriptures, or the sincere intensity with which a great intellect plays the theme of self-hatred and self-abasement, but the naturally human voice of Deity who says, Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls. Did Pascal ever hear that voice? It would have made him an ordinary man—like Shakespeare, like St. Thomas.

T. S. GREGORY.